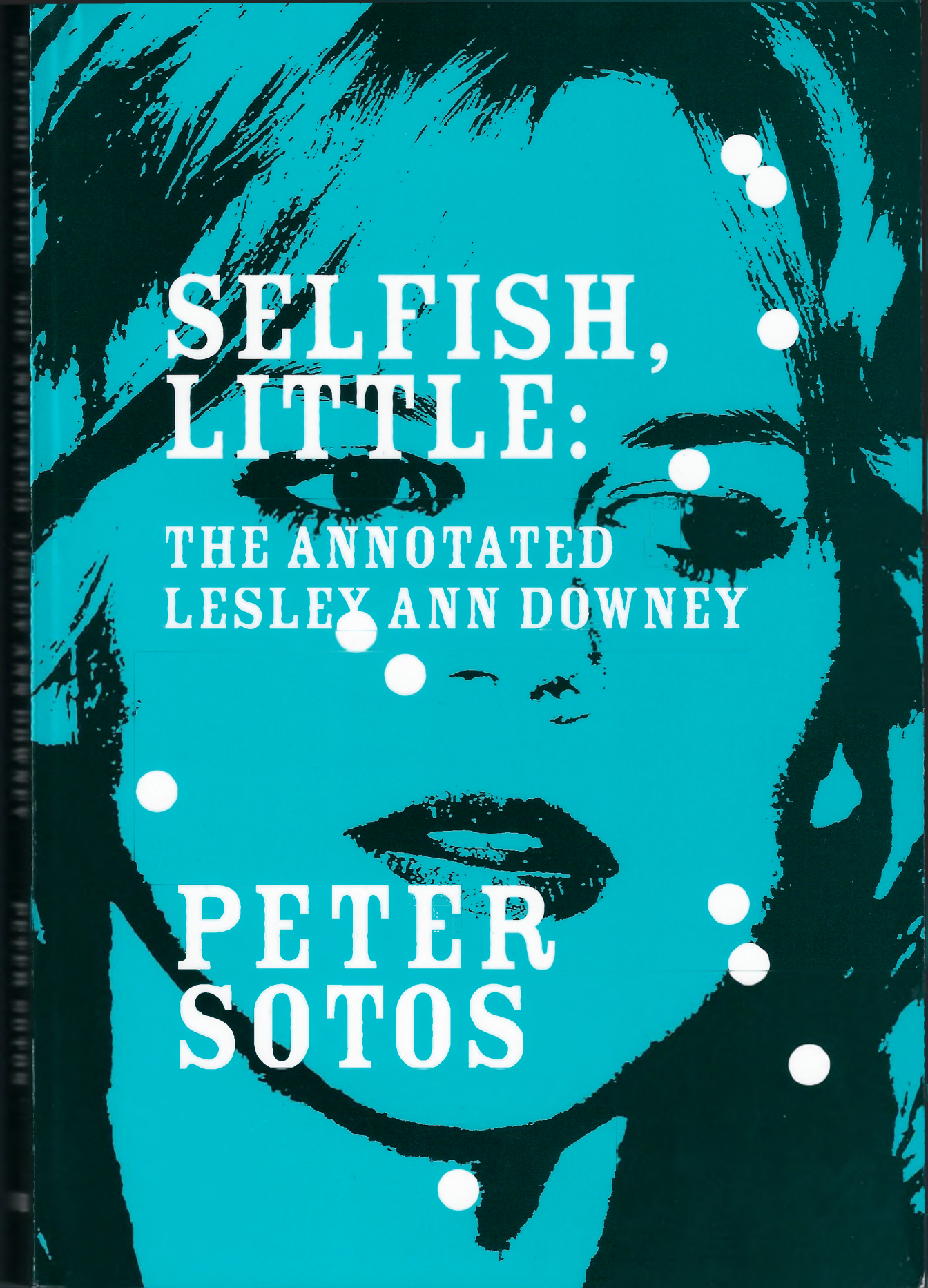

# SELFISH, LITTLE:

## THE ANNOTATED LESLEY ANN DOWNEY

PETER SOTOS

# Selfish, Little

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## The Annotated Lesley Ann Downey

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This edition is limited to 1000 copies.

*Au fait L.V.*

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Designed by A.K.

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# 1

# 1

I don't know. I was extraordinarily busy. I was sticking all sorts of things up there. My favorite was a wire hanger bent up and over. The edges of the bars tore me up but I was enormously hard during the entire dirge. Always. I was fucking a child. A badly battered and scarred child. White. But heavily neglected. I loved fucking that child. Consequently I ended up at these holes bent over benches and chairs, having fat greasy cocks pumped in and out of me. That child needed to be beaten badly. His little angelic face and erect tight bald penis all warm and beating and frightened while I shoved his ass and mouth and cummed into both.

I choked him. Strangled him. I wanted more and more drool and blood and physical mess. These pigs would slide out of my ass and I'd hear my own blood drip out onto the floor. Feel trickles that remind you of ants running up and down the hair on your

fat naked pimpled legs. Crabs were not uncommon in here. Ants would not be a surprise. I could smell the cum they pissed and dribbled into me.

I'd shit it back out. I'd press on my gut and hole and fart out spittle of blood and cum clumps. You've smelled the way cum stinks when it mixes with your own shit. Just your shit. My shit was pitch black and slow from all the antiseptics and anusol I swallowed and couldn't puke back.

The first time I smelled that particular rank I was with a faggot from school at his tiny studio apartment. He climbed off the bed and went to the john just to piss. Came back and started to make-out with me. I still love the way men kiss with their tongues. I can get hard now just thinking of that. No sexual orifice ever needed. But I smelled it then. When I had my face inside his. It makes you nauseous.

The next time we fucked. At his apartment, anyways. Because most of the sex we had was in the restroom of the school we went to. The Art Institute. He used to bite my thighs. But I beat him terribly, the last time at his apartment. He wasn't my little skinny boy. He was the pig that soaked my cum with his shit. In his tract. That didn't offend me. It is offensive. To think you wouldn't notice. That you'd accept it. That you could ignore the one for the other.

His cock was so big that he'd keep pushing it down near enough to my asshole while I fucked him. He would sit on my lap with my face to his back. He was well built but not that I knew what that meant back then. He'd take his clothes off in the john while I sat on top of that disgusting toilet, with my pants around my ankles. It absolutely didn't occur to me, at first, to fuck him face to face.

I could've been kissing him.

But he liked to bend over as far as he could stick his face to the floor and pump his muscled ass up and down on my aching hard cock.

He wore make-up. But just a little. I said to him once in class: "Fuck, is that eye-liner around your eyes?" and he immediately turned into a girl: "Can you tell?" It's what happens when you get older. I like that the big queen was dabbing his eyes and digging into his mother confusion. He was the one who taught me about glory-holes, actually. He started an undercover sting against some lunatic fag that was extorting the other dumber fags at Union Station in Chicago. I was so fucked up at the time that I don't think it ever made an impression enough to get more details. But now I'd like to know what really happened.

You have no idea how much I hated this queer when I was younger. I don't feel that way any longer, I assure you. The kid was so mired. And he let me treat him very badly. His asshole would splutter and constrict as he spread it apart so that I could push inside that filthy snotted pit. I'd cum and slap. I'd punch the sides of his thighs when he was huddled over like a dog and spit into his mouth and onto his face. He'd cum these huge fresh loads all over the bed and all over himself and then lick it up like an old woman.

Now, of course, I've snowballed old men who've sucked the cum out of me and I've done it to some of the younger men I've been with. Twink do it because they think they're reaching some degree of honesty while the old degenerates do it to show you how sick you can be. Worse than them. They always win. The fatter and older and more giving and more obviously desperate, the more certain they are to walk out with more of you than you have of them.

I've so far watched only one videotape. Trust me, you have nothing to worry about. I couldn't stand it, personally. But you'll be next to me and you'll look much better by comparison. If not simply by youthfulness and general attractiveness. I couldn't fucking believe I looked that fat and old. I wish it weren't true. But I'm not aging well and the shit coming out of my mouth doesn't help. I don't think I ever aged well. Since fucking high school.

At one point I'm talking about this child being raped and the photos I've seen and it all looks just typical. Like exactly like what you'd expect. Later, when I'm talking about having sex with some guy when I was younger, it looks so much worse. It's either that I'm so far removed from any of these possibilities that I've become a revolting lizard going over his dirty little sad mementos or because it's this gross beast just munching and bragging and belching out fuzzy fantasies rather than histories. As if it's all lies just slithering out all over the poor bored fuck in front of me.

I wish it looked more sinister, even. It looks tame. Lame. And this bit now where I'm talking about it will, I guarantee you, be even more depressing. Like I'm only pretending to know what I'm doing. When I'm really...fucking...just bathing in it. The attention and your polite bother and arrogance.

Old faggots know it. They pay to forget it. They have to turn into women, I tell you. They all get so femme later. They have to.

This very tall man, shirt off, sweaty belly hanging far over his tiny little bluejean cut-off shorts, starts talking to me while I'm watching a very drunk friend of mine cavort in a cage in this fag leather bar. I try and get the fat pig to take his cock out and piss on my friend but he says that he doesn't do that sort of thing. That's what he does in

the bathroom. That's what bathrooms are for. And he takes out a pair of medical rubber gloves and laughs.

A couple of weeks later, I'm in a CD store and it turns out this bulky queer works in the classical department. He's got all this gray balding hair and a very full white beard. He tells the young woman I'm shopping with that she does her make-up perfectly. He says he used to be an actor and then, before he ended up clerking, degenerated into a professional make-up artist. This is straight out of a cartoon. These queens age so sadly. I worked in a bookstore years ago with two old gay guys. Both fifty-ish, both making just a little more than me and both educated to the eyeballs. One of them was trying to stave off AIDS by immersing himself in buddhism. Come to think of it, my friend from the cage that night works at a bookstore now where he lets one of the old faggots he works with suck him off in the bathroom stall. Once a day. This aging slop goes to work everyday in NY with the thought that he's going to get to suck at least one cock a day while he makes his paycheck and whiles away his time.

My old bear from the CD store was queening it up, as they do, and I finally asked him to help me find some specifics. Contemporary classical stuff. I asked him if he remembered me from the bar and he said he figured I wouldn't remember him as I was so rudely drunk. We had very different tastes in music. But we kissed as I said thanks and goodbye and I told him I hoped to see him again at the bar.

I started to cruise him. Because I never saw him at the bar after that. I kept going to the classical section at this fucking Tower Records like some fucking high school rat. And I was getting worse and worse as all I would buy is trebles. Boys Air Choir and Blue Birds and "Vienna Boys Choir Goes Pop," which is really a tacky

little mistake. This fuck would prefer that I was buying those belly beast tenor releases. I hate dagos, I told him. Don't like prissy men. And no matter what I was attracted to, I wouldn't buy music to suck off on what little was actually there. This, of course, while I'm drowning in these little angel voices and all the rest of the seedy little pathetic inferences. The release advertises angelic voices. I don't think of them that way.

My problem is I see the cocksucker almost naked and I'm absolutely bent on getting that situation to bleed into a lunchtime assignation. He's near enough. I didn't want to date the great fey pig. I didn't think he'd have a cute hairy fatman's ass just the way I didn't feel a twitch of delight in remembering his sweaty obscene hanging gut. That's what makes mama's big fatso so special. He's not out of context. He's just this close at a convenient time. He's repugnant in so many other ways. An invertebrate.

One of the idiots I was with went out to some fucking volvo outside to fuck this short little trannie that ended up sitting with us. It's harder to avoid having one of these sludge sit with you than fucking one. This was a particularly rough trannie in a bar full of mexican transsexuals. Rough because it was short and not medically altered in the least. It looked like a midget with a five o'clock shadow unhidden by pancake make-up. Which is exactly what it was. It told me it was a schoolteacher in a chicago suburb.

Both guys I was with went out to its parked car and fucked it. The first guy came back with lipstick all over his beefy sweaty face. The second guy's state I didn't get to check since the tran grabbed my arm and slithered into my ear: "Your friends are wild!" Fuck.

I invited it to a bar around the corner. Where we could talk with-

out all this loud mexican noise in our ears. I despise mexicans. It was enough to be in this sleazy bar full of bad wax injections and high squeals but the wetback work contingent all sucking limes out of cheap tin cans was infinitely more annoying. Far more disgusting. These trolls don't stop.

The it kept feeling under my shirt at my armpit and trying to let me know that I was lucky enough to be considered third in line. Meanwhile, I was intent on sitting at this table so that the money-hungry prostitutes all around the bar didn't tear miss thing limb from limb. So we sat there like assholes. Finishing our beer and watching the salivating filth get quietly angry at the horny interloper stealing their business. This it giving it all away for free in a for-pay only bar.

I don't like the way these battered children look if they're not white. White children, especially if there's no sexual component, seem more capable of expressing and comprehending verifiable degrees of pain. I'm not trying to be vulgar. I just don't like the way the little chiles look even split open. Pink to red. It's like looking at cow meat. It bears little relation to my world. Children burned on heating plates and space heaters. Children burned with beauty shop curling irons.

There was this dark nigger with cornrows at the Moysten Hotel in London. A night clerk that will never know anything that goes on beyond the slope of his own nigger forehead. This black-lipped slug sold me a few heinekens that he had to open at the front desk at around four in the morning. Apparently I missed the looks the over-prepared hound must have been drooling into the young lady that I was sharing the room with. I checked out only a few hours later and, as I was paying the bill, stupidly, drunkenly,

told the shoeshine boy that my friend would be still staying in the room until noon.

So hound calls the young lady to ask if she'd like him to show her around London. These niggers come from filth and stay there no matter where you prop them up and no matter how much you want to pretend they're better than you suspect. Not that I agree. I don't see any worth in the animals and do my best to not have to listen to their constant indiscrimination.

This plug wasn't responding to some sort of degenerate call. Not that he wants to know anything that doesn't end at a warm hole. But he was sizing me up. Figuring if she'd fuck that drunken fat thing, then a mumbling licking caveman like himself must have, at least, a chance. Which is what niggers are looking at sex for. Chances. Anything. I have to talk to things like his mother at work sometimes and I'm absolutely positive that the retarded are better equipped to get something more out of their lives.

One of the first faggots that I ever knew to die of AIDS was half black. His mother was jamaican. He was mortified at his own worthlessness and tried to let others know of his race before they guessed him on it. Tell them before they hit you with it. He used to shave his body head to toe and he had some sick relationship with a fat old hog that made him spend his entire week's paycheck on sex toys and then take him back to his own apartment to fuck him with them. I used to love to look at the bruises all over his legs and across his chest though I wish they weren't on such tainted cloudy skin. I fucked him so hard one afternoon that he fainted. He was already dying, I guess. I stopped even going near the things shortly after that. And it's accepted in the gloryhole joints. These niggers know they have to look for hunchbacks who're looking for greasy hung slugs or those too low to know they're fucking monkeys. But, really,

very few of the crawlers and roaches in these joints will have anything to do with them. They're even lower there. And there's no need to pretend to be polite in such situations. Let the fags save it for the restaurants in the same neighborhood. Here, thankfully, it isn't even considered.

I masturbate constantly. More now than ever. More than when I was a kid. Four times a day and often I can't cum. I never have a problem getting hard. I'm hard immediately. But lots of times, I can't cum. I just beat my hard-on until I become bored; not frustrated. It's not all I do. But it comes from all these trolls and sicks that would trawl in and out of the peep show booths where I'd go for blow-jobs. So many of these pock-marked scrubs would suck on your cock for just minutes and then leave. And then fucking come back again to get some more. You'd never cum. Your cock and balls and thighs would stink like decay. Like old meat. From all of their combined rat breath. They'd suck off some geriatric and suck off some skinny faggot and then decide they wanted to lick on your balls some more. So you reek and molt of their own mental degeneracy as well as the slop that the other hard-ons extended into their faces and throats. I'd beat my cock while I waited for the next socket face. The next crawling mouthpig fuck. There's no way you can think these flea-infested garbage dumps are human. You watch some greasy underpaid fleshy whore getting fucked and cummed in on the screen in your little hot-box and yard your cock in the reflection. Lean back on the wood and inhale the jock and sperm stench and focus on your balls flopping and bouncing under your fist. I've stuck my finger in my sweaty asshole unlubed and tried to bring out shit stains for the faces of the queers and for the screens with those hideous pumping and primping women. I despise looking at tits bounce but in here it

gets me so much harder sometimes. I will not watch cunts. Spread open meaty assholes. I'll watch faces getting cummed on. And hate them as much as I'm meant to. Cum in the faggots' mouths who want it. Who open their mouths like panting dogs. I've seen cottage cheese cum and the animals will accept it with as much real delight and need as they're capable of understanding at that point. I've kissed them afterwards too. Grabbed their flaccidity and yanked them as hard as I could. Crouched to my knees in the filth and stink and sucked on their cocks and licked their balls and tongued at their assholes. I'm fine with all of it in those pits. Those disgusting shit-chewing rats. You have to get through them to get what you want and you'd be the lowest form of rodent to think cumming is all. That's what you do at home looking at images of painted-up modeled pretties as young as possible.

I jagoff so much. I can't fucking think of anything else. I walk at top speed home from work so that I can pull one off. They closed L.W. Sales which was on my way home and I was glad when it happened. No more stops. But it's maddening. I have to remind myself that it's closed permanently. Because as soon as my fat face hits the air outside I'm thinking I'm on my way dog home.

In the last weeks of the store, the assholes who owned the place must have told the single troll left at the counter not to worry about a fucking thing. The contempt was so fierce for these hunchbacks that the owners must've stopped caring about even squeezing out what little money there was still left to be made. They let all the booths break down. The stench was unbearable. Asshole stains just overpowered the rank of men airing out their sacs and urethras. It was physical. Like the punch you get when you lick too much shit from someone's asshole. It was thick and that heavy. Where your

eyes sting and you feel sick in the dark.

The films were either left unloaded or the booth wiring and the VCR players were so damaged and slow that not one single unit was still working. There was always one or two down. But now, all of them were. Every single screen was filled with jarring white noise and you only discovered that as you moved from one booth to the other. Trying them all like a moron. The front counter faggot wasn't going to let you know beforehand and no one asked for their quarters back. Some of the more illiterate mexicans might have. Some of the old men would still put quarters into the boxes, just to get some light in the booths. So they could enjoy the filthy visuals as they leaned back to see their drool work. Others needed to show you they were there to suck. They wouldn't pull their cocks out no matter how much you wanted to see it. Same as before.

I love seeing these scumbags' cocks and balls. You have to reach and yank. Always works best. But then they want you to suck it. They think you're there to be as repulsive as them and that you actually might be that disgusting. They forget what they're doing and why they're there and what the relationship is. And that is definitely the reason to do this. Makes all of this much more interesting than the usual floor moppers would have you think. That's when you see these apes start to evolve. When they think you're going to do them a favor like they've, apparently, done for you. On the end of a fat hard-on, soaked with gummy chaw and bite marks and ripe raw gut stink. They show you how need creates humans. How it's acceptance they crawl after. But it all stems from waste. From pissholes. Cum and piss and curable disease and louder signs of impending suffering. After degeneracy and abuse and failure. Go on, sister, well done. It's all there as far as you know. And you should ask them then. They'll fucking say anything

you want them to. Ask them to please stop talking. Don't fucking touch my head. Move your hand away from my shaft and let me do it.

*Why did you do the* Buyer's Market *CDs?*

It was nothing more than selections that I liked listening to. Put in specific order. That's why the third volume has those little sections repeated over and over again. The JonBenét bit especially. I love the way her voice sounds so squeaky and performed and trained correctly. I let it go on for ten minutes thinking that would be enough time to get my cock hard and then to finish off. I'm usually hard by the time I put the CD on. However I might make the sequences shorter next time. Because as soon as I get to that little burning place in my face where JonBenét is intoning her name over and over again, I want to hear the idiot mother that worries next. The one that is missing her child so much. Christina Williams. And that's what happens, inevitably. You start mixing up the pure painted mess that is a mincing little six-year-old with some blubbering mother. But it works that way. No help from me. The child isn't crying or in any kind of pain other than basking in lavish attention and praise. But I've segued it into this whelping filipino mess talking before a lawn full of reporters and recorders. Her child looked nothing like JonBenét and her distress and confusion is nothing remotely akin to the Ramseys and theirs. Still. They flow together fucking perfectly.

That is exactly what I call perfect. It is perfect.

I never would have allowed the first one to come out as it did. I didn't know it until I saw the final package. I gave the dolt that released it a complete package – master, cover, everything. And then

I saw that he added his own touch to the disc itself. He put a photo of Lesley Ann Downey on it and placed her face just where the hole in the center was. I wouldn't have done anything as stupid as that. But the guy didn't understand the nature of the release. Who it was designed for or who I hoped would get it and enjoy it. It didn't ruin the release because it wasn't intentioned as some fucking cheesy art project. And people who buy pornography are used to getting less than what they want. It's a shame though. I would've liked it to be better and more complete. As perfect as the intention. Of course, with the subsequent volumes, I've actually read music reviews of them. Philistines. It has nothing to do with that. I'm not about to set myself up to control or halt that sort of stupidity. I'm just amazed that it keeps getting played. It didn't get the audience that it was supposed to reach and, considering what I said before, it's probably best that I don't imagine they do exist

I like a long finger up my ass. I like my finger up as far as I can dig it in there. When I'm getting sucked, I want my finger up there. Not his or hers. It's not something I'll look for. But I'll allow it as much as I feel like shitting back down on them. My stomach contracts and I do push backwards. One of the many stupid reasons I'm so torn up around the ridges of my ass and how my intestines are so peeled and raw.

Some gross monster came into my booth once with his own set of pliers. Not fag-shop pinchers but metal pliers with a yellow rubber grip. He fixed himself with the tightness he wanted and asked me to hold them shut and yank back and forth. He wanted to work my cock with one hand and his cock with the other. He had pre-cum just soaking his remarkably smooth cockhead. I remember because I like those kind of big cocks. Slight purple tinge to them

and clean and round and tilted up at the lips like it should. He kept pushing his cock into mine and mixing the juice. One or two strings of wet clear cum and piss and spit and he worked a rhythm out between the two greasy hard fists. The tighter I pulled back on his nipples, the harder he squeezed my cock, until I knew one of us was going to start bleeding or cum and end it. I stuck my face into his and lapped around his hot faggot mouth. I pushed his mouth far open with my teeth and inched back to spit in his mouth or onto his face. He was wagging his pink fat faggot tongue so fast and humming so loud and painfully that I spit and kept spitting on his face. I wished he was bleeding and I was all set to cum. He pushed into my fist and started digging up into my mouth, gurgling all the spit and yeast back down my throat and across my gums. He shoved me away so that I wouldn't rip his chest apart and dropped to a squat in front of my balls. As soon as he swallowed my cock I cummed. He knew I was ready. Dog fetor. He licked and squeezed and reached up to press and pull my nipples and then back into my mouth where I tasted cum and blood and sick, very vinegary, warm hard spittle. He puts his hand on my head and pushes me down to take his load but I stop and start licking his flat brutalized tits instead. I figured he would actually like that more. And he popped everywhere. I spit the little blood on the floor and licked his cum down off his cock. We kissed for a few minutes more and he slid down to lick up my cock some more. Turned me around and started to tickle my asshole with his tongue but I was done. I should have let him get me hard again and should have given him my shit. I should have slapped him into a fistfight.

I saw a video that some other little faggot gave me. Two men doing a shoot for some fag porno director in San Francisco where the guy getting sucked off kept getting rougher and rougher. To the point

where the bottom stood half-up in a hunch and plowed the top in the stomach as hard as he could. The guy on the bottom never lost his hard-on and was seriously wrestling against the queer who kept slapping the idiot's face and chest as hard as he could.

# 2

*The last time you had sex.*

Last night.

*Will you talk about what happened?*

Yes.

*But you need me to ask questions?*

I do.

*Male or female.*

Male. It's usually always male. I've been thinking about the country

whores they bring in to suck off recruits for queer jerk-off videos. Sometimes the fat queer in the long t-shirt and stubby hard-on will pretend to give instructions on how best to suck on a cock.

*Someone new?*

It's not how you think. I'm not looking for anyone new. Not in anything.

I cannot stand keeping these videos. Hiding them and going back to them like a schoolkid. Like a married simpering adult. The moldy cocksuckers that you visit who have them out and scattered about their dingy eating tables and lampstands. The contempt from the producers and manufacturers of the best videos is unquestionable. There's a current running between owning them and returning to them that is far different from searching for them and locating them. The ad-copy versus the nonexistent packaging.

Having favorites of people making pigs of themselves. You are repulsive. It shouldn't sound puritan. It shouldn't sound like some telemarketer not being able to masturbate when his mother is around. They are not made to keep.

*What did you do? Last night or whenever.*

Same as always means that there has to be someone new. The worst cases are the guys that go looking for the regulars. The ones that sink to their old reliables or, even worse, the ones they like best from their last intensely memorable time.

I think it's pointless to think I'm not aware of this. To pretend that I'm saying something new by knowing that.

*Pretend? Perform?*

I don't think I'm acting.

*Excellent.*

The usual.

*Absolutely.*

There's a scene in one of the *Back On The Prowl* videos where Jamie's interviewing this tall skinny longhaired slug in a peep booth and asks him what he likes sexually. Slug answers a little sucking, a little fucking. Then he says some nippling.

*Disgusting.*

It is. The guy has a large pre-cum stain on his underwear and the fatty tart that Jamie hired to offer up to him fingers the wet spot through the material. Rubs it with her finger and then looks up at Jamie and smiles. Smirks.

*He's got a big dick.*

Jamie pans around the booth and focuses on a fresh cumstain on the wall. I don't think it's the slug's.

*No. Why is that significant?*

The best part of any of his videos is a quick scene in *DOG*. The scene

where he goes into the back of an adult bookstore and finds that middle-aged businessman standing outside his peep booth, masturbating.

*He's not even fully hard.*

And he's doing that perfect shimmy and slam. That those fucks do all the time. Their cocks seem to half-respond and they just pull on it more than squeeze and stroke on it. They push it at you and beat faster and faster. Like little kids just learning, who are so excited about their new bodies. But old and offensive and sick inside.

*Explain sick.*

Done. Old. Refusing to admit it. Refusing to stop. Obstinate, desperate. Hardly clueless. Treble jagoffs.

*You love treble.*

I love treble fuckers. Not that that booth queen is a fucker that way at all.

*He beats off on a girl's ass.*

She's fat and mexican and has a distinctly mottled ass. Jamie is being rude by arguing with him, mid-stroke, to let him film his face. Let him show his face. While he masturbates onto this hog's naked wiggling ass.

*Cums on it.*

There's a few of those instances. These men give up their precious privacy for so little. Such a quick and oppressive nothing moment. The easily perceived repercussions don't ever stop the act. But the knowledge that they should is louder and more interesting than any of the visual squelching. Repeated over and over again. The schizoid struggle is palpable.

Jamie's not unaware of this. And the bargaining becomes more intense as the pig shimmies her ass and Jamie slithers into the idiot's ear. Troll ends up with nothing. Not a few seconds later.

*You always find that to be the case.*

No. Certainly not.

*Last night was in public.*

Not really public.

*How many cocksuckers and how many exhibitionists.*

How many trolls?

*How many watchers?*

The trolls stand around the action as close as they can get until they think they're being watched themselves. Then they leave or find darker woodwork. They don't want to know that they're pinching their dicks between forefinger and thumb and wagging it only at themselves.

*The ones that don't.*

Are not here.

*Some of them are mexican. That short motherfucker at the Machine Shop.*

I really do despise that cunt. Pure filth. Stunted contorted squashed little sewer.

*Pretends he doesn't suck.*

I honestly don't think he does.

*You used to think that was the way to do those joints.*

I certainly don't think that those wretches that do suck somehow become more acceptable in these holes. I don't think acknowledging the difference between sucking cock and feeding cock is something to struggle with in those sties. I know this. That wetback is there because he wants to get his cock sucked and I know that he does fairly well given the sludge in that place. Though I've yet to meet anyone who admits to sucking him off or anyone that has ever had a word about him that doesn't express disdain.

*Lots of niggers in there.*

Who are also there mostly to get sucked.

*Tell us.*

I hate the niggers I've let suck me.

*You hate nigger dick. And you sound like a faggot.*

I don't look for dick.

*You're lying.*

Tell me about a cunt you liked licking. In.

*Beautiful woman. Beautiful cunt. Wouldn't seem appropriate to bring her into this. Some little girls stand out from the rest. Pedophiles wouldn't innocently film just anyone. Sometimes.*

The difference between cock and cunt is a difference in personalities. Ridiculous.

*Specifics.*

And that would be.

*Putting up with the genitals rather than focusing on them.*

Something that forces you to surmount their nature or utility? Or an excuse that allows you to finally get to use them? You do indulge.

*Such a beautiful woman. Could it ever be more than that? Mothers used to be oblivious when a paedo would take a photo on the street.*

Such a wonderful favor.

*Better than treble.*

Hard to say. Never had treble.

*What about that pig.*

Which fat pig.

*He's your favorite these days.*

Not at all. I've been obsessing on the skinny one lately.

*Huge cock.*

Astounding. Should we worry about treble?

*Fat thick head. Smooth and more red tint and forced than any I ever remember. Hard, veiny and straight up almost against his stomach.*

Why didn't you lick his belly?

*The thought never occurred until now.*

Didn't suck on his balls either.

*They were fat and tight and rudely being smashed into your face. And you wanted more, didn't you, when he pulled out of your stupid gump and stuck the wet hard works back into his pants. You wish he cummed in your mouth. You wish he would have choked you more. With that fat round head and deep pisshole. He would have stopped and cummed*

*directly into the back of your throat. Gliding back a little to drip cum onto your tongue and then inside your jaw. Get every drop of sperm and then lick up and down the bloated thick shaft and caress every strong pulsing vein. Go to work on those heavy nuts and dart your tongue around to tickle the balls and pisshead and the thick tissue prepuce. How close is your tongue to his asshole.*

Always close.

*When did you become such a disgusting rimmer?*

It never bothered me. Not ever.

*This disgusting minutiae.*

Do you think I like men better than women. Because men don't wear make-up. Or don't lay back like they were only built to receive.

*Like some fucking retard. Some grand narcissist who's too fucked up to move away. As if you could choose so easily.*

The last woman I fucked.

*How about the man last night.*

Men.

*Make one special as if you had to choose. Actress.*

One. College boy with a neat haircut. Hugged me after I gave him a

light for his cigarette. It wasn't a daddy thing. I was the least repulsive man at the bar then. The sex happens in the corners. I sit at the bar until I can't take it anymore. I wanted this guy to go home with. I asked him if he had a place nearby. Both of us lived too far away. If he is to be believed. I was only trying to get inside his ass. Rather a difficult prospect in a crowded bar. The faggots tend to make a big deal about it. As if you're doing something political. Few bend over there. But sucking cock – well – isn't so desperate an act when they pretend that the design is to impress with their style and finesse and adoration rather than their seething worming.

I piss in mouths. When I'm drunk I sometimes can't resist the impulse and, often enough, I don't even know if I'm meant to be having sex with a head or a toilet. Honestly, I forget where I'm at. Like pissing yourself in your sleep because you dreamt you were pissing. I lately prefer to go home with these animals because the interaction becomes much more degenerate. I had always assumed that the sex in these public holes was as numb and mechanical and lessened as you could find. The opposite, lately, is true. There's too much ass play at apartments. Too many sloppy ways of barely continuing piled on subsistence existing. I ply these pigs with coke and they often do the same. I've jabbed my fingers into giving assholes to get them ready and wet for a cock and then, blurring, frying, hating, I've licked and slurped the shit off my fingers and fist. Partly to show them where all of this was going to lead. What kind of fat hog they were with. And also because it excited me. More than just by them watching me do it. More than just establishing where I myself was. It seems vulgar only lately. But these are the tools and spikes you have to deal with. Nothing natural. Nothing not laboriously reduced.

*The college boy didn't leave with you.*

No. And it was me that sucked him.

*Exactly.*

There's these benches that run along the walls of the backroom, opposite the bar. The fatter uglier trolls sit along these benches and mostly watch the action, younger, beefier, more adept, in the middle. Once in a while a twitch finds his ass on the bench and one or two little wastecases on their knees in front of him.

I was sat watching.

Next to this immense blob. He was with a friend who was somewhere else around. And I started to cup his blubber crotch. Through his clothes and rolls and folds of strained covered fat. He was so soft that his underwear seemed completely empty. No dick at all. I was reaching under huge belly weight. I told him to undo his pants and he barely moved. Wouldn't look at me. Though, thinking, appreciating it now. I imagine he smelled the poppers and vodka sliming out of my pores. And outside of his only chance ever, couldn't have been terribly encouraged. I reached inside his roomy skivvie pouch, pinched and pulled up over parts of his belly, and felt around for something, anything, resembling a penis. Found only very small balls. Little things sucked up into themselves. Often a favorite of mine. I told him he had nice balls anyway.

*Someone told you that.*

I was masturbating into a mouth so he kept licking at my balls. I recently had to shave my pubic hair off because I had crabs. Rather,

I thought I had crabs but I just had extremely bad eczema.

College boy saw me digging around with the blob and walked to stand in front of me. Blob was not upset and I yanked out from underneath all the tonnage and adipose and dimpled flesh and jellied yearning and started in on the young man. I undid his pants and lowered my face to the exposed soft hung meat. Cut, clean and impressively adequate.

*You like making men go hard in your mouth.*

I despise having men in my mouth.

*How many times have you masturbated since you had sex with these men last night?*

Twice.

*What got you excited again. Twice.*

Treble.

*The college guy didn't cum.*

No, of course not.

*Anybody else cum in your mouth. Last night?*

No.

*Whose mouth did you not cum in?*

I masturbated onto the floor of the bar after I was pulled from an old troll's mouth. I masturbated again in the alley on the way home smelling like his rend. That is the only time I like lube. Afterwards, when I'm alone and it's that stuck feeling in my hands and on my face and thighs. My belly and my hair. After I've been in mouths I can masturbate at home. Looking at the mirror in my bathroom, feeling and remembering all the animals and groping, sucking. I cum right away.

*The alley. The old man. You hide. You cower.*

I can't stand the walk home. Though it depends on my sobriety. I'm useless if I've been doing dope but even poppers make you sick later and you can't shake it. No matter where you go, you've got that smear all over you. Crawling, draining, not seeping. I can't buy cigarettes in a gas station without starting a hard-on. I walk home quite a ways from Touche', not as bad from Cellblock, and I either jump in a cab because I can't fucking take the itch or I crouch down behind a garbage can like some truly sickening nigger and beat myself off into my hand. I've done this too many times now. I try not to expose too much of myself. I know the night air that's doing its best to wake me up into human would feel better on my naked breathing asshole. And I understand the appeal of exposing myself to people who don't want to see you. My balls and my cock. And I would love to shoot loads onto the concrete where children might be scolded. But I don't dare just in case I'm seen and have to bolt out of there. I won't leave any DNA around. Which I know is psychotic. And, anyways, it most often gets wiped on my pants. But I chew it as well. I cum in my own mouth. Have done since I was young. And not because I was looking for homosexual proxies. Not because I miss it.

I hold my hand out in front of my pisshole and cum straight down into my palm. I do refuse to quantify the amount because it's never been something I actively watch or gauge. I see it. But I'm not one of these ginzos who looks down at my cock to see what or when I'm cumming. I want the act over with and my head is actively checking the windows. I'm in control.

I glom the cum back into my mouth and then when I'm far enough away I tend to start spitting. It's a relief to vomit up all the alcohol and medication and lube on the way home. I climb stairs like I've been beaten up. At my age, I have. I stink like my thighs and my sweat and my acts and my loss as soon as I wake up the next morning. And I'm only sick, with a hangover, so to speak, if I did a chemical the night before.

Brushing your teeth the next morning actually makes the yeast in your mouth worse. Those little white cum strings that form along the bottoms of your teeth and the pits in your gums and the insides of your cheeks. They're impossible to spit out. And you have to reach inside your fat herpes-scarred mouth to separate and lift the knots and yarn that collect and breed inside your flushed ugly pounded face. These too get rubbed on my pants. Around my thighs. And I hate coming across the stains later. Though it's always there and quite a few dot the fronts of my toilet tissue black jeans.

I deliver this when I put something human into my mouth. An old girlfriend was crying on my shoulder not too long ago. She was crying over her inability to have children. Having waited so long to have one and being classified as too old for the extremely expensive medical procedures. So you understand that my little sexual dalliances. My little bothers. Do carry devastating impersonal results. How silly sex with men seems in such suicidal circumstances. Not that she's being wholly reasonable, of course. But

I've watched this abortion-reeling woman slide further and further down, more dramatically over the years, until she's now so steeped in useless therapy as to be permanently unrecognizable.

She was crying and I was petting and holding her. Trying to get her to stop. And trying to ignore the passersby. She kissed me after she calmed down and, as women do, made it a point to kiss me on the lips to prove to me that we used to do it and that she knew, underneath everything else, that I was still kind. I kissed her back and stunk up her life with a new tiny yeast infection. Not ocular crabs or a raw strain of herpes.

So go look for another husband, lucky.

I don't worry about giving anything to, or getting anything from, men. You are often forced to imitate intimacy with these degenerates. I've seen situations where the cocksucker drops too quickly. Where he should have waited because the inserter actually thought the cocksucker was the type of tall, ugly man he was looking for. It often results in a flaccid cock and awkward attempts at deepthroating. And before it all ends too quickly. "Don't be nervous. Come here. Kiss me."

# 3

I have a slick photo of the older child in my possession. She's not a teen yet and one of her peasant family took the photo. She's wearing a pink and white wavy striped bikini top over tits that are no more than blowzy wrinkles in roomy fabric. She's reclining on a bed, reading a book, and holding it flat with her forearm and adorable hand. It is a delicate hand. She's even wearing a little ring she made from some nature flower technique, that one learns in the country, on one long pretty finger. A hard-edged shoulder points up, wherever, as she keeps the arm that isn't holding the book still, wrapped gangly behind her. Her other shoulder and one of her tiny pouched tits is hidden behind very long red hair. She wears barrettes so that the soft draped, almost ratty, beautiful mane falls perfectly down the sides of her little face. Keep her little eyes and nose and large lips clear. She's smiling slightly. She knew she was being photographed but must've been so fucking used to it by now. It either didn't

matter anymore. Or she thought is was nice to be treated that way. Or she knew how good she fucking looked. A newly learned girly smirk.

I don't need to stare at the photo now. Not when I masturbate wherever I have to. And can think of it exactly like I see it when I'm home. The framed length stops before her navel. I know just the little torso. Not even to the slight bend at her waist. It's all frustratingly tight. Long clean claws that seem too adult now when I think about them masturbating me before she puts my cock into her mouth. Her full bottom lip especially. I would have to look for her cheeks to blush just a bit like they are in the bikini picture. Her hot little head and bikini top. Her childish tits. And all that hair. And her rude knowledge made worse than she had planned.

If I was better than this. She would never have sunk so low as to have rubbed that soft hair over my stinking ugly dick when she thought she could do me a favor. I'd bury my huge beating head in the long falling hair and close my eyes so I couldn't see hers looking back at me. And then she'd take the hint and start brushing it around my packed drawing balls, graying pubic hair, fat thighs and knotted obscene hard-on. And I would think, after I came inside her mouth for whatever time it was, that I should have forced her further down and twisted that long hair round my cut palm and knuckles and then around my cummed sticky cock and spit again all over such cowed opened accepting hollow prettiness. Around the blushing cheeks. Down that soft red bottom lip. You wipe your hairy shitty ass that way. You cup and unload your bulging store into her and across her and then bend down to kiss her so that you can smell it all over her cheap concession stupidity.

That is why you kiss these things. To feel that heat inside their body doesn't matter if you're feeling it through your cock like

some huge garden insect. You want to taste her. Then you use what you have. And it makes sense that you'd poke and dig and curl and withdraw out of her full black gaped asshole all the ideas that she wastes and strains. You move from asshole to cunt and back again. Knowing the infections you could be blooding but knowing, even clearer, that it's her long corpus and her diseases that come unstuck from inside her sick badly constructed genetics. She deserves them. As much as you fucking do now. There's no way to separate the illness, the inabilities, the inadequacies from whatever sexual act you degenerate to. And to pretend that you're fucking the child instead of the adult is absolutely as full-on asinine as pretending the opposite.

That child's cunt is not as big or hairy as this. As untrimmed and unplucked and unmoled as it is now. That child no longer has a cunt. That cunt no longer has a child growing back out of it. Neither does the idiot woman lying flat on her back watching you as you poke as many fat fingers as you can up into her womb and down into her asshole at the same time.

It is impossible to deny what you'd prefer then. The fleshy expanse in that picture that starts at her throat and spreads across to her tiny shoulders and then down to just above her cunt that you can only imagine, when licked, top to bottom, will carry either the thick familiarity of your cancerous bowels or the corporate grease of some toothpaste company. And when you head off to the bathroom to pretend you're going to wash your hands and sweat and cunt-matted mess. Wipe off your drooled chin. And check your new itching zits. So that you can return to sunken excuse. But, instead, stick as much of you as you can haul up into your mouth. So that you can taste more of her shit and vacuous slid spread cunt and your own oil and white filth. That is exactly what child pornography tastes

like. When all you do is cum all over it. And what all the faggots, who knew you'd end up on your knees in their old sagged place just like them soon enough, taste like.

It's not always so crude. But I have her in make-up also. Before she was a teen. The adult said about ten years old, I like to remember. Dressed from throat to toe in garment. Long white sleeves that would even have covered her wrists had she not pulled them back slightly. A billowy white blouse that is buttoned tightly just underneath her chin. Her hair pulled back and tied to the top of her head so that the chance to marvel at her beautiful long neck is, in fact, wasted. She's wearing a black vest over the blouse tied in strings all the way down to the natural arrow that joins her hips and points down to her bald hard covered up soft-inside cunt. A long dress, white and red vertical stripes, that falls in creases and country stitches almost onto the floor. Tiny black shoes that expose a large amount of her white stockings. I should know, exactly, how far up they stretch. They may be just princess anklets. And they may be teenage whore knee-socks. Not that I find such lumped fetishes interesting. I don't give a fuck. Stuart Campbell had to be insane to be grease-fucking a schoolkid and yet take her out of that naked obviousness by placing her into a trussed cartoon of it. You can't be fooled by your hunchback tastes. You can't allow yourself to be bludgeoned by them. You can't be a sow stupidly placing all the hog inside your mouth at once and masturbating furiously imagining yourself free and lucky and as real as cock-thrusting implosion tells you to repeat over and over again: That's it. That's fucking it, that is. Go on. More of that little whore. More of that there.

Nor is it a study in protracted eroticism. There is no pleasure to deliver or trade or share. The little made-up fucking tart is pushed into a corner in this too-large outfit. She's standing up against a

wall and looking off to the side. I know her make-up wasn't placed all over her by her own little fingers and designs and hot little advancing ideas. The fucker that took the picture of her standing straight, long arms at her side, is the same fucker that might have told her to pucker up while he drew lipstick over her big child lips. Her father, at least, had to watch her sister apply it to her gentle pursed face. Or her wasted mother. Who wouldn't have understood.

There is a pit thought that smears itself over this photo when placed flat on the wood of my bedroom floor and then licked. Dirt on dirt. I would've cinched that dress up tighter around her waist if I had been the one she backed up into as she found comfort against the wallpaper behind her. I would have pulled it tight. Gathered up the excess folds in my fist and pushed it into the long ridge of her spine just above the small of her back. You want to see that frame now. At that age. Those long sprouting legs and hips and how big the area that surrounds her cunt would be. Its fleshy movable prominence. Then, of course, like any good predictably leering uncle, I'd pat the fabric back down and pretend to straighten the material out so that I could feel her pliant and firm little ballooned girl's ass.

In film. I'd have put her down on all fours and flung the long dress up over her shoulders and draped long red hair. Pulled aside the panties to down across one butt cheek. Focus on her dogged meat lips and little tight asshole. I would spread her white ass for you and then point into her pink shithole. Lick it to get it wet. So that I could show you I knew what it tasted like. And that certain child molesters would definitely eat child's shit. How could you not want to. And could you not suck that pooling yellow cum out of her pushed and angry expanded fleshy cunt. Or her open aahing mouth. The gonorrhea you deposited inside her face and on her flat fat tongue would be better viraled back into your own head just so that she knew

what she meant to you. How much you really loved her and her naked availability. What her little long body meant to your entire kiddie-porn cowardice.

How nice she's been.

Can you imagine turning over on your gross paunch and instructing the child to stick her finger inside your distended and tensed pushed-out oily asshole. You can. It wouldn't do it. Tell it: Lick your finger. Get it all wet. Insert it into that ugly hole. All the way in. Up. Down. Twist. Then up and out and then do it again.

She would have had smaller fingers back then. At the age I see her doing it. Whatever you asked. Told.

There would be no mark on her. Let it penetrate you instead. Then turn over and show it your misshapen erection and old hung worm-sac. Yank all of it over you. You fuck its face. It's not evidence you're worried about leaving now. It's not stretching the mother and father's imagination around back to your deeply ugly receding holes. They'll prove nothing. They'll add nothing.

They say they don't want to know the details but then do everything they can to suggest them back to you. Telling you what they think you did. What they know you did. Just like the cops and prosecution. They all know you perfectly well when describing your motivations and sickness to you. How you got from point A to point B and how you must've put all the acts together even though there wasn't a stretch mark or minute tear to be found in her little puffing sludging body. How you must have been lurking and lusting and beating and frying and waiting and hoping all included at once. Your eyesight alone has tainted them beyond possible psychologically convenient repair. They are forever lost to the inability to comprehend. Created by the untouchable images inside your pain-filled overtired brain.

I have a shot of the little inviolate in a polka-dot short sleeve t-shirt that falls positively flat around her chest and torso. It bunches up a bit at her little nonexistent belly just because of the way she's sat. She's wearing tight little silk baby blue shorts underneath the top. And because of the way she's bitchily slouched in her mother's oversized chair, her shorts are hitched up tight to look like little panties. Her thighs are soft and full and flawless. As is, whenever I think hard about it, the contentious glare that she directs away from the idiot pointing the camera at her. Those meaty child's thighs force a silk triangle of fetish-slick focus that is as revolting as it is darling.

Her hair looks newly shorn and the long flowing trails of beautiful red have been replaced with a cute boy's cut. Short and barely wavy just above the ears where a little dot earring is pierced through her growing flesh. I want her to be about eleven or twelve here. A smartass little butt like the one she's parading around her photo-filled house. And the other side. Bald but starting. Under that garish disco fabric. Tight as any child that is just starting to grow into masturbating three or four times a day for the rest of her life due to a sad fascination with all things available and cheap and fuckable. But right now. She's as flat as a boy without a cock. A youngster cunt without a clear idea.

Pigs like pigs wank to thoughts of panties being peeled off children because they imagine the adult connotations. Pigs like pigs hammer their flabby genitalia into sores and scabs obsessing about what lies underneath those panties that stretch up through her butt crack and down across such sensitive nerve pockets. Because you think they all can't look the same at that age. Big fat slob hogs like pigs don't learn how to eat cunt from lessons that include anyone else. What tastes best drips directly into your memory. How much face lotion and pissy spittle can you drip down your flabby jowls and

chin. What if she cummed? What if you could do that? For her. How hideous it would be. What if she pissed all over you? If you could pay and convince the tight little fleshed angel to let go long enough to please you and your squeezing greasing fist and fat thick hard-on? Where would you put the cum that spilled back down your fingers and palm and thighs and belly.

Lick it off. You'd do it yourself and then spit it back into her open mouth. Which is what you call your kink. What you think others may find as sexy as you but won't admit it. The way you swallow cum and want to spit mouthfuls of gordon's and bar swill back into your adult partner's open gullet. Let the alcohol burn the cum and snot off the insides of your mouth and then slosh the buzzing filth back inside their accepting dullard heads.

Lick it off. I said. Tell her about nature. It'll only make sense that way. Pretend you're a mother and you've got a lesson. How would you frame it? The body is beautiful, you'd start, and then hog plop the rest of your blubber all over your words and her compromised listening.

Her flawless thighs. Not a speck of acne or a childish scrape along those fair soft legs and fat.

How flawless is that flesh if it wraps up to something so fucking stupid that you'd have to teach it not to walk around like that?

Flawless means she can't be anything but perfect. Yet you're pig enough to look and see where she might be embarrassed or tense about slight peculiarities or of not matching her shitty friend's ideas of good looks. Because this is the rat you'll pretend got cowered innocently in the cage in front of you. She becomes perfect. There's few ideas more pathetic than old men slithering the word perfect out of their craggy mouths when they're pointing towards

adolescents and peep-show cocks.

You want to hold her head down for her. Tell her about her soft lips and tug on her ears. Who said it was okay to wear that fucking jewelry. Now ask. Does she deserve better than that. And what follows. Will she actually get better than some old troll that thinks she's as fucking perfect as she can be now. Remember how the story goes.

Tell her: This isn't about yearning or mad love or danger and exciting sexual misery. It is all about lacking enough brains to be somewhere else. First. She allows herself to listen to that word: Perfect. And this won't be bad for you. Not this way. You'll do just fine. You and your little rat blue triangle that suggests rape far better than any safe scar dragged across anyfuckingbody's once cuter or handsome face. But you'll walk away, sweetheart. You'll walk away from all of this nonsense and into something far better, right? Like a nice apartment and a good job and not nearly enough kids if you're not fucking careful pretty soon.

I hold a photo of my little friend very dear. From a series of black and white shots of her as little more than an awkward toddler. Bent down in a squat with her diapered ass showing. Even. Couldn't ask for something less sexual or more vulnerable as her face lights up in gleeful curiosity at the sight of a rabbit in the grass. That she is allowed to gently, tentatively, poke and then pet as she is taught how to care for it. Impossible to see her delight as anything but innocent and in need of all of our protection. She's going to be pretty.

Looking at a close friend's photo of herself in red tights as a child shouldn't necessarily remind you of little Marie Payne's gross misfortune.

Now ask it for something else.

Something different. At least. Fuck's sake. Wait. Calm down.

Convince it that you're different. Than all the rest of the hard pricks and wet plans. And mean it. Try not to fuck it.

Tell it: That you actually thought you were listening to the crap that came of its mouth sounding like disgust and regret.

And no matter how often you tell it that you're separate. And that you're able to keep the polite enough distance away from that ultimately human slackened slit. That very, very pretty trimmed personality trick. It simply won't ever have anything else to offer you then, will it?

And it'll work to convince you that you do, in fact, want what all the others have stood in that far too quickly moving line for.

Just like you, animal.

Unless you talk at it.

And let it open its mouth again and again. Carefully isolating all that perfectly good common sense and brightly-colored impressive experience. As if you weren't aware of all the baggage that both of you brought to the digging and plumbing and sharing. She opened her legs to anyone. She still lowered her head to a bad idea somewhere along the line. You don't follow arabs down rabbit holes. Rat holes. Niggers are niggers. And they leave trails. I can see her superimposed over any of the other male mouths telling me how good they suck cock or how they can even enjoy the odd ass-fuck or how they always swallowed as it was never a big deal to anyone back then. What kind of cock they like. What kind of lover they look for in a soulmate as opposed to a good horse-cocked drunk sleaze fuck. What kind of corset they choose to wear for a special night's promise. What sort of precautions are absolutely necessary when they find out you're HIV positive. You think I give a fuck if I get laid more than I get kissed because some jew invented a condom. You think I fuck these beasts because I think they're worth

more than cumming on or in.

Tell me, then, about my place in line. But act like you're offering something completely different this time out. Who wants to fuck a vessel? Why would you fuck anything else? What other choice do you have? And when she gets older. And more herself. She'll beg for it. Just wait. Just watch.

And the arab. The roommate nigger in college. The neighbor pair of porno mouths and rude instructions. The fat drunk with the clumsy sadist shit. The only drunk mumbling one who'd talk to her at work. The idea alone starts to become violence. Of course. All that damage wash. This time it's special. Not like the last time. Or, at least, all those years before. Before she decided to stop living like that. Then not again for the foreseeable future.

I'm sick of this. Of better wet than dry cunts that come with words. Of reasons that lay on top of beds with their asses in the air and groans that are supposed to come from deeper than their throats. Age. That this ape in that position holds anything at all worth having. In measures. Again. The implosion that's supposed to stem from my worn and tired decision-sifting fog. I saw the pig hoofing down the bar-lined street but, apparently, I didn't know enough to either get the fuck out of the way or not to follow its shit stink back to its own special mud-farmed up pig sty. And all the surrogates.

All this time looking for or after a heavenly-bent biology.

Should your experience with pornography stop at the front of the store?

My original child pornography came from Amsterdam. A friend, now with wife and children and absent from my stalled life, sent me the life-changing rag: *Incest 4*. Kept it under my bed for years until I stupidly, regrettably, handed it over to the police searching my little loudmouthed apartment.

But now the pornography is inside your own home at all times.

The fact that your computer brings this material, better and harder and even much more clearer in its hatred and bad intentions, into your lap at any time you can slump your weakest decision into reality is frightening to nervous chickenshit child-lusters like yourself. These irritants can't say a fucking thing about personal snaps. Family shots of clothed and identifiable relationships. I showed slides of her in a professional talk I gave on Marcus Harvey's "Myra" painting. I've done all I can.

That little girl that I love so much was quite clearly going to grow up as beautiful as the adult I know. Her neck was long in so many of the photos I keep of her youth. Her tall frame starting early. Her butt tiny and pert. Tits still small. Nipples pink and responsive and french. Her cheeks and her eyes more individual than I could ever have hoped for. The adult is quite clearly there in the child. No matter what drunk and rape damage could have happened later. She would always carry that fucking unfucked giggling little doll inside those features.

I can't tell you. I can't help it. Her father, shirtless and bearded. Affectionate like a teacher his age would be. Leans over the outdoor table they've been eating at. The child is tiny. By comparison, even more. Her red hair nearly covers her entire face. She won't be five here. A barrette is fixed to a temple to pull just enough hair away from her eyes. I only have her in profile here. Facing and listening to her father who's overly proud of himself. Her low lip is prominent and her gaze is straight and intense. She could be listening to an answer to a cute little confusing question. Or she could be pouting. Tears could easily follow. Her little hand holds a spoon over a small bowl for her breakfast, most probably.

The father. With his beard. Could have leaned further across the table and kissed her face to tell her how special she is. Her little

hand could have just dropped the spoon and placed itself gently on his smooth naked chest. Just to balance herself as his huge hairy head enveloped the little vulnerable dolly in sloppy love and exasperating scratchy darkness. He would have put his hands around her tiny ribs and lifted her onto his lap. Held and squeezed her and kissed all that red mop and fat curls. Bounced her on his knee until the tiny weight giggled or strained to petulantly get the fuck off.

I don't think I could bear it if anything happened to this child. She is that worth protecting. I wouldn't be able to think of anything else.

I have the actual polaroids that her father sometimes took. Just about eight years old, looking like she's reading a newspaper. With her long hair parted down the center and clasped in pigtails. A pink sweater covering her wrists to throat. This is one of the very few that I want to see her undressed from. She's got her knees up, rocking slightly on the table in front of her, balancing the clumsy unfolded paper in her lap. Her eyes are down and her eyelids and lashes and pursed lips and demeanor are very much like I know her now as an adult.

When mine was little, just Lesley's age and below, she seemed to favor black running pants with turquoise stripes down the sides. She's wearing them in the picture where she's lying down on a floor petting a dog. Her hair in her tiny compassionate face. As she pets the big ugly dumb dog. She's wearing them outside in the sun, underneath a warm ski jacket that matches the stripes. While she, standing, holds a ball she's going to be playing with. Stands next to towering dad while he shows her how to make bread or some other ridiculous french dish. She stares up at him, smiling wide, and pays goofy giggling attention.

And I have her sitting in his lap. Him wearing shorts the same color

as that jacket and stripe of hers. This time she's in dark blue shorts and a thin white sleeveless shirt and laughing as he wraps his lucky arms around her and lets her guffaw. However. She is facing him while she sits on his short-shorts lap. Her legs wrapped around him. Her weight pushed into her little clothed cunt and into the space between his open legs as she pushes backwards against his locked hands and extended arms. He smiles wide while she giggles uproariously. He pretends he loves her that happy. The way fathers can pretend in photos like this. Her mouth is extra wide. Her hair spilling down her back. She's a very tall ten-years-old.

Child: *What are you going to do with me first?*
Man: *I'm going to take some photographs. Put it in your mouth.*
Child: *What for?*

You cannot confuse Lesley or any of the other pornography children you've ever seen with the little one wearing all her clothes and enjoying her little life. No girls with their clothes on are at all like the ones that have taken them off and stood before a camera. You look at the shots differently. And the girls look back differently.

I'll tell you this. I own a picture of her in the tiniest white bikini bottom I've almost ever seen if it weren't for those adult whores that model the fucking things everywhere you look. Her ass is away from the camera so I only see the string that is tied across her hip and the curve of her thigh as she twists her arms over her fucking chest, blocking everything better as she reaches those long spindly arms around her skinny sunning body. At least thirteen. Coming into her own, her mother would warn and pedophiles would record. Regulars would be able to masturbate to this as she's showing enough long skin and enough self awareness to look like sex. To mimic the same shots

bikini watchers and model jagoffs look for. They would have to remind themselves that she's just an undeserving child as they focused on the little white pouch that slides over that little skin patch under her flat belly and hard pubic bone. The bathing material is so small and bunched up over her little cunt that it barely hides anything. I've seen her move those arms like that as an adult. She's in perfect health. She drapes them over her head and behind her back when she's sleeping, shy, drunk. There is no connection to a little girl knowing that someone is masturbating at her tight little crotchless crotch.

Mine could be a brat. I've lots of shots of her pouting and frowning and yelling. Children are like that, certainly. I have shots of her as a cute little toddler. Smiling and squinting and waving at the camera as if she doesn't know what it is she's supposed to look at. Tiny feet in tiny shoes and big buttons on her knees for childish design. Like a little clown. And a small baby's body – maybe two at the fucking most – that would let you do anything you wanted to it. That would just look up at you the same way she looks up at the ginzo with the camera telling her to smile and fucking wave. Naked. She would just stand there stupid and waiting for the next step. Until she got cold or frightened. And tried to play with you. Hide and seek. Or slap at you for not talking to her as you just stood over her and stared. Until she made the move. Until her teetering personality came to the fore. Or she held out her arms so that the adult could hug her. Help her.

Don't cry sweetheart. And you'd get to feel her warm silken hair against the palm of your hand. You know she'd put her head against your chest when she realized she was frightened. And that now she was just a little relieved. And that flush scared her. She'd appreciate the hug and pats and whispers and little kisses on her forehead.

I have many pictures of her in the hospital. Something had happened

to her arm and hand and she liked to walk out of the hospital bed, looking messy and unkempt and a little dazed. But very cared for. Her little arm is wrapped up in gauze and her hand in a cast. She's so small. You don't like to see children in the hospital unless you know they're alright now. It would be depressing to the audience to think that the little cutie that stomped around in her bunny jammies and bandages couldn't be helped beyond her little happy unknowing giggles.

I like to see her safe best. At that age. Wrapped up in her little bulky cumbersome winter coat walking and wobbling in the snow. Under mum's watchful laughs and instructions. The little thing looks straight down at her feet. When she gets a little older. Five. First. And then maybe eight or nine. I like to see her drinking from a little fruit juice carton with a straw and sipping out of a plastic cup. Respectively. Her clothes have gotten thinner and her hair trained and managed and prepared. Her face has gotten thinner as well. Her eyes look at the camera now as if bored with the photographer since she has something nice to enjoy.

She is always safe. Always has been. That's a big difference between the two little girls. And I've not seen enough photos of Lesley enjoying her life around her camera-mad family. Which is a shame. The photos of Lesley will forever be left to the shots that her murderer took. And that her mother gave the press to help look for her and then to record the tragic details of her pornographic murder.

I don't think I'm supposed to forget about that little slim-bodied coming child. I can't see a point in forgetting her. I worry more about her well-being than those who were entrusted to her protection certainly did.

She's a fucking kid. Just a fucking kid, fuck's sake. Leave her alone. Mine has red hair. His had black hair. Lots of black hair that the mother knew had just been cut, just like Danielle van Dam, in fact. I love her red hair. I've felt it and buried my face in it. I've seen her play with it and drop it in my lap and then push it out of her face when

she came up from swallowing my lazy drunk hard-on. I watched it as she tried to ask me if she sucked cock as good as the faggots that I usually fuck do.

Why are you lying?

Because you have to take care of people. It is what you do. It is what you learn as you get older. It isn't about just getting some cunt and keeping it there. It isn't about degradation and denial mechanisms. You take care of them. It is garbage dump compassion. You don't feel sorry for her. Not at all. You don't feel hurt or disturbed or uncomfortable by their position. You have to do too much work to get that way. Tell me about the moment when your heart broke. Tell me what effect that most horrible photo had on your life. How you decided right then and there to start helping in any way you could.

The adults you fuck. You try very hard to help her get over her schizophrenia. That's all it ever is. Pet her. Calm her down. Feed it anti-depressants. Feed it anti-bacterial steroids. You try very hard to make her feel better in the moment. You want her to be happy right then. It's how you get through all the pantomime. It's easiest to pretend that you're getting something very low-level, something very base, and everything else is acceptable because of that. But you wouldn't be able to help otherwise.

Listen to the people who speak with concern in their voices. Then listen to the way women above the age of eighteen sound when they're getting fucked. When someone lies all over them. Look at the way she looks. The way she forgets how she looks. Look what little she did before she got this way. Or at how much she appreciates her youth and wants to keep her body supple like that for as long as possible. Listen to her excuses when she finally gives up. You'll see that it all changes. That it all did change. Watch the littlest child you can stand perform the same act. See how sycophantic you twist soon enough.

What would you like to do?

Find something better.

What would you like to do all the time?

Find something better. Find something even better. Find me something better.

Tell me about all the time you waste.

You learn to think like they pretend to. You learn to separate your thought from your action by guessing what they want from you. It's important to do that. it's important to stay out of trouble.

What is the best moment in a blow-job?

It is not the orgasm. It is not what they do. It isn't when they check their progress. It is most probably when they look the youngest. The most willing to do anything outside of aged guile.

The worst art is the kind that pretends to be cutting through the truth. This sort of pornography leaves, at least, the method out.

Tell me about her asshole.

You don't know whose it is when you're there. It doesn't taste or feel specific.

Tell me about your asshole. Do you want someone to lick your asshole?

I know it far too well to allow that to happen.

Do you think you know these children?

You don't need to hear her speak. You know her voice is tiny and high-pitched. Squeezed. It won't be dirtier. It won't make the point better than the image. All these plugs who say: "It was their faces that haunt me" are lying. Their faces are just like anyone else's. They are ultimately uniform.

What would you do with these children? Exactly.

Bring them to tears. In ways that slowly make sense given what they are willing to do. Let them surprise me and then decide how to best use

it against them. Like fucking. Responding to what your improvising sensual partner wants. And pretend that it's not easy enough to have figured it out well beforehand. See if it'll work the second time. Look for that extra big smile, sweetheart.

What do you do with these children?

I masturbate immediately. I have watched others masturbate to them. I have been brought off by others while I watch these children. I have not hurt any of them. I have asked for more photos and have received more photos.

Has that been enough?

Yes.

When will it be enough?

When it stops getting better.

Fucked her in the ass because she insisted in preferring her anus to her cunt and would move her fingers meaty around her clit and labia while I pumped behind her. I couldn't cum. My drunk turned nauseous. I hated the way she'd allow me back there and porn-perform. I preferred men's assholes anyways. If I liked anything, it could well have been the way I pissed in assholes and on their faces back when I was younger. I didn't want to slosh around in something soft and pretty. I knew I should thrust deeper and change my pace. I knew to lean in and down across her back and try to alter my speed and deepness. I was sickened. I wanted it over with. And I couldn't keep hard. All I thought about was what I was missing. And how far I'd dropped from the original intention. And how I didn't necessarily want to bring all of this up to vomit it over such a pretty girl anyway.

So you end up spitting on her in the bathroom while she licks your balls. You end up with your thumb in her ass and your fingers in her cunt. Trying unsuccessfully to hit her fucking g-spot while she fucking watches you dig. It got easier when you touched the shit in her

ass feeling like healthy young crumbs instead of the soft wet sicks and paste that you find in queers and up your own.

She twisted her body around to help me cum finally and licked at my cock. I knew I stunk like her insides and that, no matter what she had done with all the usual garbage she ever fucked before, that had to be the first time she tasted a small mouthful of sperm that smelled and tasted and swallowed exactly like her hardly perfumed bowels.

She wouldn't let me taste the condom she tugged off my cock after I had cummed in it and let it drop from her ass. She knew from past experience that it was covered in her shit. And, yet, just to get the sleazy little act over, she slid under my cock and lipped and tongued up both kinds of ready scum.

If I'm going to fuck a head, I'm almost always going to have to see myself humping over the specific children I've seen abused. And all too often hold the performing monkey maw still while I dump into it back and forth. Leave your fucking tongue flat. Just keep your mouth open. Toilets don't scratch back. Toilets are flat children. I'm so fucking drunk or fucked up these past few months that I've been looking forward to the little garbage pails breaking my skin so that I could piss back into their mouths with complete social impunity. I've coated the tongues of people I like with my stomach blood as well as black smeared acid-reducers and the stench of rotting gums and teeth. I learned to enjoy kissing faggot strangers who would open their mouths first and crick their heads back so that I could grope around the insides of their viral blisters and peeled roofs. I keep my fucking eyes open almost always. They do when they see mine. And they grind and squeeze much harder then.

I find myself focusing. Memorizing. Unable to cum otherwise. Looking at my little one's long legs growing throughout the years. She moves from her mother's baby to giggling toddler to young

adulthood. It is important that she grow. That the clothes she wore to cover up her gorgeous little elongating body were constantly traded and forgotten about.

# 2

# 1

*Is it fair to say that all your work comes from an examination of what is thought to have, or what indeliberately has, pornographic value?*

Every book I've ever written begins and ends with Lesley Ann Downey. Every single one. Every thing I've ever fucked has been a stab at the idea of her somehow in my pathetically empty hands. Not as flesh and hair and precisely examined childhood but as simple, personally degrading pornography. It's the only way I know her. It's the only way I know of her. Almost all of it is in badly reproduced black and white. I have more color photos of her mother than I do of her.

It's nothing to say something has value as pornography. The universal possibilities are rudimentary. I'm not really working backwards. I'm trying for more. I'm getting better at it and I'm finding her little worth increases constantly.

How ugly it would be to say my life changed inexorably after

seeing the photos of her darling little smiling face juxtaposed to the details of her torture and murder and burial. And how thin my excuses and denials would sound. But also how disturbing, perhaps even devastating, these easily said facts would be to the unfairly treated parents. To the police and the newspaper readers that enjoy caring all that little bit extra about children they don't raise or know. Think of all the industry that's tenuously supported by trauma claims, cures, and recovered memory guides. I don't want to talk about what was. About my first time fucking some willing same-aged thing or the first time I saw a photo of a naked child being sweetly molested. I'm not interested in trawling backwards so that you can point out where I've been locked all these years since.

It is disgusting, I'm told, to relate that I understood the appeal of Lesley Ann Downey's limited legacy the very first time I saw a child laid out naked on a bed precisely for the benefit of single minded masturbating men. That was what the image was reproduced for. It is probably what it was photographed for. I'm not some old bag woman who sifts through dirty garbage. Some cocksucker who needs to root around in his ugly fake past until he reaches the sellable crystal he never needs to let go of now. They can, and do, examine pornographic value.

It must seem like I'm trying to explain myself. It must seem like I'm desperate enough to finger hypocrisies and social inconsistencies. I'm bored with remembering my low impact arrest. Much more than you are. I know what Andrea Dworkin sounds like when she talks about her rape in every fucking book. I am not bored with Lesley Ann Downey's very careful positioning on the bed of some stranger's shitty dilapidated house.

The mother of murdered eight-year-old Sarah Payne condemned

the decision to keep the man's name secret. "It makes me so angry," said Sara Payne. "It's an insult. What do they think we are going to do to this guy? All we want is to be able to protect our children. At the very least, schools and nurseries should be allowed to know his name and what he looks like.

("Perversion of Justice", Holly Jarvis & Ben Proctor, *News Of The World*, September 28, 2003)

I find it sad that Andrea Dworkin feels, or finds or feeds, a need to explain that she was once considered pretty and available. That she was once capable of using her body to move through to where she got. It's little more than that these days. It's so despicably easy to find in her memoirs. She would never think that she's capable of pandering to the people I think she clearly, legitimately, honestly, despises. Later on she would tell the few that were still listening that she had just been raped again. Alone, again, in France, after all these years. That ugly impossible and monstrous act had become so much more this time around. It wouldn't have otherwise.

She says somewhere that the best writers are those women who are writing in journals in bedrooms and that will never be heard due to the obvious reasons.

Under the best of circumstances, I do not have pleasant dreams. I work while I sleep. Life goes on, awake or asleep. I spent eight months studying the Marquis de Sade. I spent eight months dreaming Sadean dreams. Let the men joke: these were not "erotic" dreams; dreams of torture are dreams of hate, in this case the hate being used against female bodies, the instruments of hate (metal or flesh) being used to maim. Only one woman understood

me. She had worked as an editor on the collected volumes of Sade's works at Grove Press. After completing the editing of the first volume, she attended an editorial meeting where plans were being made to do a second volume. She explained that she couldn't stand the nightmares. "We should start making movies of your nightmares," the chief editor told her. They did.

(Andrea Dworkin, *Letters From A War Zone*, Lawrence Hill, NY, 1993)

I've often masturbated so many times in a row that there's nothing going to happen except the cuts on my cock are going to get worse and take even longer to heal. I do not want to hurt myself and I have never been able to locate guilt. I don't particularly believe it exists. I've stuck those perpetually fresh wounds into the stupid mouths of men and women and figured that is the precise way my infections started. By me being so personally privately aggressive on my limp beaten cock. Then I go and look for somewhere to stick it. Some pig that'll accept the fucking thing. There's no question at their level. It isn't defined by mediocre self-loathing. They're the ones spitting the damage back.

And when I'm trying to cum. My mind reels into all these little pockets that others will tell me should stop what I'm doing. I've never believed men can watch some perfectly toned princess dance and strip and mock fuck and wiggle and get excited by that alone. These men aren't africans. My mind inevitably drops to a point that I'm told is ineffable. I do not believe this is true at all.

*This examination. Why is it necessary?*

The only thing I can point to is this. Some teenage-thinking midwest

muck reads in the paper about my paltry arrest and my problems shutting my fucking fat mouth all these twenty years ago. The muck sees her murdered child's name next to mine and gets upset enough to let that information leak back onto my life. A balding politician barks it up as much as it helps him puff out his chest and the parents sink back into sympathy mode. Even worse than before. My art drips into the real world, I tell the judge, without any help from me. But the connection is like fucking cement.

I think it is absolutely fair to ask: What happened to all that fucking sympathy she got. Where did she fucking stick it? Because it seems to me she didn't do anything good with it. The muck didn't care enough to shut her blubbering hole, why the fuck should I care to not push my fingers over it. I give a fuck. You have no idea how many times I've heard this before. A publisher tells me that one of the missing children photos I used in a collage was spotted by the sister of that child. She started screaming and locked herself in a bathroom for some untold uninteresting period of time. This work was created before I was arrested. It was a very simple idea and very easy to do. Missing children's faces from the ads and articles that I saved, pasted next to pictures of cocks dribbling and spreading cum taken from the adult pornography I kept. Imagine my disgust, almost two fucking decades later, when I find myself masturbating onto photos of a child that I've grown immodestly fond of. Not even Lesley. Imagine my further surprise when I discover that my interest is not isolated to my own mumblings and embarrassment. The internet is littered with chatrooms and photo groups of men choosing to upload photos of their gorgeous cocks spilling human filth onto photos of people they find especially deserving. Clothed and paraded celebrities, unclothed and ugly amateurs who offer their own photos and special poses, romantic specifics wanting revenge or spreading desperation. And, of

course, untouched and unavailable children.

The issue is suddenly not what I thought. But how my thoughts affected others. The Ian Brady book was actually designed for that. I wrote an introduction that I knew was going to be read by the parents of the victims. I didn't count on their complete stupidity, however. Their reactions were very disappointing. The inept and plainly stupid english distributors did their part in making sure the grievers never saw it as well, of course.

*You said something last night about the writing telling you more than you telling it, so do you ever get amazed of what comes from writing?*

I have three main concerns. Right now.

This unlucky fuck who just got arrested for child pornography. He had a huge impact on my life and I probably love him as much as any man I've ever been lucky enough to rub up in. Love as you'll understand it. Obsessive. Vultured. Depleting. Tacky. Most of all; infrequently. He got away with collecting this stuff for, at least, twenty-five years. He sold some to me and then watched me get arrested. He was very kind after that and I wish I could repay that. He's in much worse trouble than I ever was. And, of course, he lived a much more worthwhile life because of the risks he took. Imagine going on and on about this miserable little fanzine incident for so many years and never even approaching his access. He was found with photos of him fucking a twelve-year-old and that child has grown older and has testified against him. I have met some of the children he molested. I've watched films of it getting fucked while I sat next to it, sadly now wilting and growing. It's never been an acceptable format for proper living.

He was the first one I ever knew who displayed these children as

naked and drugged. For years now, I've been shrieking about news footage of these brazilian rats with glue caked under their noses and nails as if that's what is best. Brazilians aren't quite as bad as sierra leoneans but they're not exactly human either. You can teach parrots a few words but it doesn't mean they'll act like they know what's going on out of the trees. Here were white children too tired and droopy to respond properly. And it stopped nothing.

The next one is this rat that breathes out smaller and smaller in my photos. One special little darling shrunk backwards from the adult I know into flat, badly printed pages of her good happy self smiling and laughing and, best of all, learning. I love her very much. Same as before. Legally innocent. There is no skin and no penetration. My interest makes it dirty and sleazy and silly and noteworthy but I understand that there's no real weight to those concepts. You'll have to find her attractive as well. She's a wonderful, bright child full of promise and I've been able to chart that extremely special progress. You will not. I made the mistake of telling a friend about my lustful situation and he slowly started to mine a similar vein with a remarkably uninteresting woman. She had been a gymnast and my boorish friend liked to pretend that it was somehow relevant. I assure you, it isn't. The fact that I can also find sexual release in thoughts of hugging and kissing her gently and that I can mar all the best intentions and clear paternal worries quick as I can notice them does not sicken me. I do see how age tears her apart.

And Lesley. Who I've absolutely refused to ever get over. And who I rape shamelessly every day of my life while these assholes around me refuse to just finally fucking figure it out. Including the moron who murdered her. Oddly enough. Without touching a hair on her miserable little perpetually begging and choking, drowning head. She holds up in all kinds of ugly public attacks

and deserves to be treated better than cruelly.

The vain dolt that murdered her made a special point of barking to me that he didn't smash her head in. He may have objected to my grotesquely fantasizing over a truth he knew so stingily and privately. So absolutely personal. Or he could have been niggling over facts. Bragging. More probably, he was angry with me for sullying up his book with a sentence or two that was going to further hurt his victim's families. Which I understand and should have been more respectful of. However, my art, my work, rises directly from those facts that I have to pull together so desperately. Real life is what comes after. So much trouble getting to the truth. And I'm the only one that thinks it's important.

*You said something about reading a lot of material while working at the meatpacking plant which started revealing a lot of stuff.*

This was after I got arrested. But it revealed nothing more than a device. I get away with nothing. And I don't have to obfuscate anything.

I'll tell you about the meatpacking plant and what it means to me these days. There was a black guy there that kept going to jail. Younger than me. He had a propensity for breaking into department stores after they were closed. He wasn't a full-blown crackhead yet. When I first started working there we got along fine. And he knew nothing about my sex life. For whatever he knew I was married and relatively content. After one of his stints in jail he came out and started pawing on me. He started whispering to me that he was bisexual. He had never been before. And he probably wasn't now. And it wasn't jail that made him that way either. It also wasn't his disgusting fat projects-whelped wife who had killed one of their babies.

They had a few. The last one died because one of the niggers involved in its construction decided it was too much work to be around. And it was. It was breathing from a plastic tube sliced through its tiny baby brown throat. Had an oversized skull that threatened to constantly tear the neck apart and yank the tube out anyway.

And I know all about the little suffocating animal because I fucking saw it. On one of the days it was invited over to only where I work. These beasts want you to see how they live so you'll understand where your money is going.

This dumb mississippi nigger starts grabbing his cock around me through his meat frock and bluejeans. Daily. Asks me if I want to have sex upstairs in the warehouse section of the plant. I told him, finally, that I didn't like uncircumcised cocks. And that I really hated black ones. Which is true but hardly the point. Because I don't have an opinion on these crawling filths other than to ignore them completely. I'm not looking for cock either way. And the real point is that this fucking revolting nigger pegged me, after he came out of jail. I'm not stupid about it. He was a blood-born garbage heap reacting to whatever stimuli that was barely comprehensible. Sad to say, after he's been thrown in with all those open sucking animals in jail he developed a nose for slime like myself.

You have to imagine what this unimportant hole was like. You try and make your time better as you work for the money that allows you to enjoy yourself. Just outside the plant were crackhead nigger whores with their femalia sagging and ashing; out in the freezing cold shaking it at anyone with, I'm not kidding, five fucking dollars. Sad burly truckdriving rednecks masturbating and denying every inch of impulse and reaction. It was all I thought about. It's everywhere. And then I'd stack that one level below all these horny niggers looking for quick cum jobs in the backrooms upstairs. You couldn't get away

from it if you tried. Even when you pretended not to notice.

One of the few white hookers I ever had in that old ghetto accidentally caught her reflection in the rearview mirror as she was raising her head from my stinking floppy crotch. She jumped back. I think she was legitimately frightened. She didn't know she looked that bad. Barely realized she now stunk as bad as me. I'd look for her all the time after that. And, even if I didn't have the time or the situation wasn't the best, if I saw her, I'd immediately pick her up without even thinking further than that. I believe she was the only one like that.

*How much do you know about a book or a text before you actually sit down and write it?*

I now know that it will be about Lesley Ann Downey. I know that anything else said in defense of it will be hollow after that plain bald fact. My seeming hatred of mothers apparently stems from resenting Ann West and her lucky gooey treatment. I was in London on the day she died in Manchester. There's a mutation. And I see her as a lesser progenitor. A by-product. My other interests, the other two I mentioned, can probably be boiled down to this one and my need to flatter myself that there is indeed more than one dedicated thrust to my writing life. But I'm not saying I didn't sniff around and give in hard before I ever discovered her splayed personality. I certainly did.

Can you imagine sobering up to find that you're doing exactly the same regressive act that you did twenty fucking years ago. Can you imagine being sober and continuing. Perhaps an audience will accept the work as an adequate replication of, or vivid foray into, the mind of someone tragically overrun by aged corruption and

lunacy-inducing self-denial. An artistic and brutally honest interpretation of the schizoid and cuckolded would-be child molester.

*Do you need to write to do that?*

You have to be a gay man to understand Francis Bacon's paintings. No other understanding is possible. He was painting in perfect lieu of fucking and fighting and praying and masticating all at once. There is no tragedy there aside from it not being capable of capture. There is an intense desire to have everything at once. To have the parallels made explicit and satisfying.

> You could say that a scream is a horrific image; in fact, I wanted to paint the scream more than the horror. I think if I had really thought about what causes somebody to scream, it would have made the scream that I tried to paint more successful. Because I should in a sense have been more conscious of the horror that produced the scream. In fact, they were too abstract.
>
> (Francis Bacon in *Interviews with Francis Bacon*, David Sylvester, Thames And Hudson, 1975)

> Another myth nurtured by notification advocates is that sex offenses are carried out by persons who are strangers to the victims. But in nearly 75 percent of sexual assault and rape cases and in 90 percent of those involving children, the victim knew the offender (Greenfield, 1997). Forty-three percent of victims under age 12 were assaulted by family members (Chaiken, 1998). With an emphasis on "outing" the dangerous stranger, notification laws perpetuate a false sense of security that all sex offenders are

known to the authorities (Finn, 1997) and ignore the social and family structures within which most offenders live. The idea that "people who harm us are not of us" justifies notification and other divisive policies (Clear, 1994. p. 49).

(*Current Perspectives On Sex Crimes*, Ronald M. Holmes & Stephen T. Holmes, Sage, 2002)

You can't do this any other way. It has to be on paper and it has to be of a length that forces the words to move and explain each point. It can't be a song or a stage play. It has to be specific. And it has to take place in an extended length of time. And that time has to be recorded and the artist held accountable.

Bacon is the only painter to go beyond these words into recognizable forms. The best art is in words or photos. All the rest is marketing and advertising. There are musicians who dilute and misunderstand my hard work. I've seen them turn these ideas into lowest common denominator pop sales. There are writers who think by reviewing me they've appropriated some of my tastes. That they're somehow dealing with the subjects I've dealt with. Shame on them. I've read interviews where publishers who're frightened of publishing me actually say they've published me. Writing, in this manner, is the only adequate option, and as I've proved, even that is hardly adequate. I'm not fooling anyone. Except simpletons. Others know its real worth.

*I think it is in* Tick *that you write, "People become pornography, choices become demands, demands become personalities." What are these choices that you make?*

You can say, in the writing, that I obviously wish this wasn't true. However, it is. You want to say that people are better than this and deserve more and better options, ways out, finances.

There's millions of drag queens out there, right now, getting fucked and getting paid for it. Trannies – mexican implausibles and brazilian pamelas – offering half-hard uncircumcised cocks to stupid men who count their pennies and save up hard for nights just like these. These idiot cocksuckers do not tell the stack-heeled hulks and frankensteins that they look like men under their make-up and plastic surgery. They are sure to call them in the feminine. They don't talk disparagingly about the latest female TV stars that these palsies and mental deficients iconize and mirror. They don't tell you about the fleas in their off-the-rack clothes and make-do moves and camp gestures. These men try so hard just to fucking be nice. To be polite.

The sink is obvious. The lower and lower and less and less it takes to get off and ignore.

The first transsexual I fucked was in London and one that I bought from an ad in a phonebox. This heavy beast sat on my chest and pushed its little flaccid cock into my mouth. Because that's what its customers wanted. They want to see the willfully retarded pull down little frilly red and lace panties and lift out thick long cocks for them to suck and lick. Tuck the balls back in and then out. Nibble on them, hairless and wrinkled, and then kick your head back to see the heavy lumpy bulge nestled and bent in soft red satin. Lick the panties.

Don't forget that it can't cum. Or accept that it can no longer cum. Or presuppose that it won't shoot thick deep long loads like those young studs you can suck off drunk in a London pub for twenty quid because every well-hung good looking club cunt in London needs some extra money. Go on. Put your stupid mouth

there and your money here and ignore what might poke holes in the fantasy you came in here with.

They don't age, do they. They know just how to put their make-up on and know the best lamp light so that the right shadow falls perfectly across their fishnet ass and long strong legs. You look for beauty and you find it. You don't define it by its flaws the way faggots do to street trade.

Honey Bane from The Fatal Microbes is a perfectly adequate example. Part of the Crass collective. Then some sort of third-tier pop star in England for five minutes or so. She yanked a remarkably large and saggy breast out of her shirt as part of her supporting role in *Scrubbers*. And then I started to collect nude photos of her. There's not that many around. One DVD that I own, part two of the four-part *Breast Of Britain* series from the middle-eighties has her having the laziest lesbian sex I've ever had the pleasure to be bored on. She's pregnant. And will not move off of her back. Lays flat on a bed; huge, bloated, thick, tightly stretched stomach blunder barely uncovered by chiffon and the jail-style tattoos to her stubby fingers and hairy arms. And gets her pruned-out hairy cunt licked and nibbled by some other similarly fat titted indolent. Honey's nipples are beefed and thick and wide across the entire hang of her low drooping dugs like wet splattered brown pancakes. She is humanly nauseating. Her long blonde hair is a bad wig and it barely moves from out of her big eyes and cute-once face. She is a very ugly woman who doesn't think better of getting her pregnant cunt licked or displaying her disgusting whaleness. I don't know what happened to her child. She no longer poses nude, I fear. She used to sing songs about running away from mental homes and I can only imagine that the cycle, having started out this way, is being repeated. I do wonder how many other children she's whelped and photographed. And

if any of them are girls. Because they should be at an interesting age if they know who their mother is just about now.

The *Breast Of Britain* volumes are excellent examples of a very particular brand of pornography. Where the women all have their fat tits in common and are collected to only dance, barely, and move around in tight clothing just before they strip off completely. All of the women are fat but none are obese. These farm animals are sold to men who like big breasts and can barely handle the things being paraded around their offices and streets without running home or to the work johns to masturbate. And the women are treated as if they deserve to be in front of a camera and appreciated like perfect specimens and queens. When, in fact, they are ugly and beaten and drooping and all of them suck in their bellies so that they look like they're constructed out of white ant portions. Their faces are stupid and listening and reacting like slow downmarket cows.

I'm absolutely sure that the men who buy this niche pornography hate these women. Most women. That is certainly the appeal. Others might buy them and discover that they weren't what they hoped. That they've been shilled by the cover art. And that the bait and switch had more to do with their stupidity in thinking that it would be a worthwhile purchase in the first place. But the ones who buy all the volumes and then look for similar material are men who want to see slow moving women in the middle of selling what they should realize is better covered and ignored. If they're going to be like that.

*You have this line in* Total Abuse *where you say that "Someday, someone is going to murder the perfect woman." Was JonBenét the perfect woman?*

I can't imagine a more pathetic little obsession. Which, somehow, makes it all the more important that I tell you about it. I collected so

much material on this poor little nothing. There was so little there other than make-up and a darling parade and then all these men talking about it. It went on for years. I have boxes of videotapes off of TV. I have three stuffed file boxes of photos and newspaper and tabloid and magazine articles of the little prop. Always the same fucking photos. Years of opinions and text. And none of it gets beyond these old men's mouths.

I used to carry her photo around with me. This is a grown man. And I'd be so diminished that I'd think that it was a dirty little secret between me and the ridiculous nature of pornography and purchased, coveted and lost reality. I used to do the same thing with photos of Lesley and a few other little specials. Almost always girls. I do have a photo of Jason Swift that I am still enormously fond of and I'm certain that I must have fagged that around once or twice. Little skinny british rentboy with thin lips and remarkably sharp cheek-bones. JonBenét didn't have perfect features beyond her chub age, did she. She was just coming into an age that would start to separate her from all the other clones. And the pageant make-up forced it out of her or piled it on top of her. I'm one of the few people who actually found her southern irritating parents to be very attractive individuals.

I thought this is just sad. All this booth-fucking and dropping these pictures, so carefully cut from reproductions in the millions, onto cum-stained floors and walk-in toilets. But I'm not willing to let such a perfectly satisfying stall go.

Recently I started bringing these fag bar men home with me. Just the same way that men in cars pick up street trade in LA and then film them with their camcorders. So many queers do it. Only a few sell them. But I would try and get these men to masturbate onto photos of children – clothed children – in front of me. I'd lay out the

photos that I wanted pigged on and then tell the idiots nothing about them. I'd get them hard with my skill-less mouth or my drunken ass and tell them I wanted them to finish on the photos. Elizabeth Smart was the easiest for men to cum on. Because she wasn't as young as the ones that I prefer and she was culturally very pretty and very blonde. These faggots like to appreciate thin blonde beauty in women. Especially young and rich women who are photographed carefully and artistically. Some enjoyed the white trash that was Miranda Gaddis and her little low-pants friend. Once again, though, they were older, weren't they. I do think it was important that Elizabeth Smart was raped and held captive but not murdered. These relationships are sometimes very quickly formed, embarrassingly enough, in these photo selections and dirges. I remember trying very hard to have one young man jerk his slick fat cock all over Samantha Runnion until he just sobered up and said he wouldn't do it. I fucked and cummed up his asshole and I yanked him off in my mouth and then I told him it was the exact same thing. I didn't let him cum in my mouth. But I watched him as I beat him off to completion.

I wouldn't fuck homeless women. I wouldn't fuck street trash or bums. Uncontrollable alcoholics. And I don't believe that men show their real selves when they cum or when they dig so hard and effortlessly to get there. All that work and then all that contorting and partaking and inculcating.

I like watching child molesters masturbate. I like seeing how they cum on themselves. I'm willing to do what needs to be done just to see that. These worthless men give nothing worth having. And I wouldn't ever think of looking there.

# 2

Man: *What's your name?*
Child: *Lesley.*
Man: *Lesley what?*
Child: *Ann.*
Man: *What's your second name?*
Child: *Westford. Westford.*
Man: *Westford?*

And.

*Can I tell you summat? I must tell you summat. Please take your hands off me a minute, please. Please – mummy – please.*
*I can't tell you.*
*I can't tell you. I can't breathe.*
*Oh.*

*I can't – dad – will you take your hands off me?*

Small-voiced. Little. What I imagine was not little enough. Little ten-year-old Lesley Ann Downey begs for the adults to stop touching her. The child wants the man and the woman to stop putting something – probably nothing but a gag – into her little mouth. Little. Her little mouth and their larger hands at it. At her little mouth stretched open and then closed and backed away to talk while all this focus and fuss and these fingers stay constantly at her little open fucking mouth. The adults are recording her. Her protestations, her pleas, her lies and desperation, her little skinny-girl appeals and supplications were induced and quietly captured by this man and this woman who knew that she would fight and argue. New strangers becoming so familiar so quick. So fucking all over her little frame with instructions like adults are able to do. New, unbearable, untrustworthy, frightening friends with demands and mysterious interests and leering education. Who had to prove themselves to the little girl when they wouldn't even let her go. Who had taken off her clothes. Or, at least, watched her undress. Or just fucking told her to. Please. Some of her clothes. Who knew that was the reason to turn the tape recorder on. Who had understood what they would want to hear. But had to leave it up to her inchoate personality to complete. Her mancunian slang and kid manipulative lying manners. Her harsh innocence sold like all kids do when left to their own devices. Difficult to prove. The adults knew to get something of her. Of her age. Of the cracks that allowed little Lesley to be little Lesley for the first real time. The adults figured on extra. Who must have. Who had murdered and raped children before this and were now creating more tangible memories. Child pornography. In the pejorative. In the details. In the extra.

*Can I tell you summat? I must tell you summat. Please take your hands off me a minute, please. Please – mummy – please.*

*I can't tell you.*

*I can't tell you. I can't breathe.*

*Oh.*

*I can't – dad – will you take your hands off me?*

I know she was naked. In the photos I saw. Just after the recording was made. And the loud cracks heard at the end of the tape that was commonly hoped to be her head being caved in by an axe had to be the tripod being lowered as Ian Brady said later. Because her clothes are coming off, right? She's begging them now. Not to undress her. Her mother even heard it. But how vulnerable is a child then. How much more vulnerable. What degree was she cold and available and attempting to cover herself up. Who was fucking reaching for exactly what when. Cunt. She was begging the adults. She's begging for a chance to explain something that she hasn't even figured out yet. Just a pause. A wait. So she can plot her little innocent personality into a convincing argument to fool the adults of her honesty and purity. This simply must happen. She absolutely needs to go now. There is no time for this. She must be home or her mother will be mad at her. Which is the best excuse she could come up with. And correct. She knew it wasn't a total lie. And mum, ironically, bled safety into that mind then. She now just wants a little child's chance at pity. She wants a little child's chance to talk to them and tell them something that might – might – make them stop touching her. Please. She asks. She begs. She cajoles. She asks for just a minute. But wants more. Dirty liar. Dirty next step. Dirty little mind raging all her lessons into summations and bad guesses and pathetically lost chances. Dirty little bad sexy mistakes. Sweetheart. Sweetheart chances. Sweetheart

naked chances with fingers all over her plans and mistakes and her open mouth and those little words on top of those fucking fucking pictures. Where all she fucking does is fucking lay there. Alone. Though. She calls out for her mummy. Or she calls out to her mummy. She might be calling fucking Myra Hindley mummy now. Anyone older must have her best protected safety in mind and should simply be her mummy right fucking now. She begs an adult like she would beg her mummy. The adult she's used to talking to. Talking at. About her new fucking haircut and her reasons for staying on at the fair without her friend. Please. Please. Mummy. I must tell you summat. Something is important, she pleads. Pleads for just one still minute to tell them something that will stop all this mind-scarring fright so she can collect this confusion and nakedness and spit it back at them when she gets to finally just fucking get out of there and run screaming, crying, home. Home. Home. Her pleas and her demands and her reasons against all of this. With all these adults touching her. She begs.

*Can I tell you summat? I must tell you summat. Please take your hands off me a minute, please. Please – mummy – please.*

*I can't tell you.*

*I can't tell you. I can't breathe.*

*Oh.*

*I can't – dad – will you take your hands off me?*

She doesn't fucking like it, you cunt. You cunts. You fucking filthy fucking pigs. The little rat doesn't fucking like all of this. The little girl. The little black-haired girl with her shoes on and that scarf, that gag, around her little tongue-wetting mouth and groans and gurgles and pushes and prods. The titless little bone. The flat bone.

With all that lowlife shit in her mouth and mind. Summat. Owt. Mummy. Her dirty filthy filled lowlife trash mouth. Calls Ian Brady dad as well. And she begs him to stop touching her skinny body as if the little rat hadn't been touched ever before. Like it's the worst fucking thing in the world. As bad as the threats and yelling and worry about wherever could this go from here, darling. Little rat. All dolled-up naked as fuck. Like a little naked rat. Little fucking holed-out rat. They weren't trying to shove a cock into her mouth and rubbing her back and her chest like it was going to be a good blow-job and she had great little tits there someday soon. Like a child promises. Like you don't act like you want you filthy fucking fat pig. You fucking disease. You reactionary beast staring at her absence rather than her attributes. Her fucking darling reduction. Her fucking truth all trussed up in greasy lies and natural perfect pure fucking denials. The curves of her little butt and the straight-boy sides. What a ten-year-old little cunt looks like. Pre-pubescent calm. They were holding her. Taking turns around her. Pointing and holding and gesturing and applying enough force to get her to just shut the fuck up now and put it in before she got her little skull cracked in half and bleeds all over the bathtub getting her nakedness all filthy cleaned and lily and cold and red and little. Little. Fucking little. Put it in. Put it in. Put it in. Put it in you little rat. Put it in you little cunt. Filthy. Filthy fucking little rat cunt. With that fucking mouth. All forced open to a hole. Little rat holes in fucking dirt like her head – her fucking greasy unwashed new-haircut head with those pets and runs and assurances. Those hugs that came before. Those fucking kisses. Open up and let me see your tongue now. Open up your mouth and keep it open so I can see the inside of your mouth so I can fucking see your baby tongue so I can fucking see where that fucking filthy uncut cock must have slapped against as you held it back and

jut it out dead or fucking blue or fucking crying and angry so fucking bad you had to scream all muffled and little and choked. Your little throat.

Kid.

Kid.

No one calls her kid. No one treats her this way. No one puts their big slimy hands on her little darling. Little ten-year-old Lesley Ann fucking Westford all naked and lying face down on the bed with her fucking skin full of fingers and filth and vibrations and sit-stills and open-your-eyes and all that little rat, little rat.

*...will you take your hands off me?*
*...will you take your hands off me?*
*Please –*
*...will you take your hands off me?*

Beg.
Beg.
Will you take your hands off me?

*Can't you just tell me?*
*It hurts me. I want to see mummy, honest to God.*

And she asked.

*What are you going to do with me first?*

Her young mind knew it came in degrees and was dreading the beginning worse than this. Her little life knew enough to soften the first blow. The one coming that wouldn't be better than this now-

workable situation getting out of hand. She needed to make a little sense of it and move through the terror into safety. A little close quiet warmth hidden deep within all that angry swirling noise. All that dreadful hateful hurtful noise. That is not good for children her age.

Ian Brady told her – again – that he was only going to take photographs. *I want to take some photographs, that's all,* he told the worrisome child in the transcripts of the tape.

And she asked him.

*Don't undress me, will you?*

She told him.

*It hurts me. I want to see mummy, honest to God.*

She became as desperate as her tiny frame could contain.

*I'll swear on the Bible.*

She begged for relief.

*Will you let me go when this is out?*

She became indignant.

*I'm not going to do owt.*

She expected more of how she had grown up till then. She expected maybe pity. But concern, care and, at least, above all, help.

*Please God, help me, ah. Please. Oh.*
*Oh please.*
*Oh. Help.*

She screamed and cried on the tape. Parenthetically in the transcripts. Her cries were muffled and she muttered into a gag and under her baby breath.

*I want to go home.*

She demanded as her voice was muffled for the last time. She stated. She asked.

*I want to go home.*

Lesley's mother did a very smart thing. I hope. In her book *For The Love Of Lesley* (W.H. Allen, London, 1989), she gives her account of being made to listen to the tape recording of her daughter and the adult instructions. She recollects the scars of that day and confesses repeatedly to the drug haze she thicked through in order to get done with all this constantly mounting pain. She railed against the cops, unfairly as she decided later, for making her listen to the tape for identification purposes and remembers the details of the tape all wrong.

The fact that Lesley got her own name hurtfully reversed has always hung on me like the most repulsive brand of pornography. And that Ian Brady knew enough to ask her. And that – I'm sorry – most importantly, most perfectly, that he knew her name before the tape went on. He asked her the question for the tape. Specifically.

Lesley's mother wrote:

There was bewilderment and terror in her voice.

'What is your name?'

This time the question was shouted. It was the bullying shout of an interrogator.

'Lesley Ann Weston.'

The voice was small and desperate.

'Please don't make me get undressed again. Let me go home to mummy.'

'Shut your mouth! If you don't shut your mouth and stop crying I'll give you another good hiding.'

The voice, low and venomous, was that of a woman. It was obscene.

'I won't tell nobody what you've done to me. Just let me go home to mummy. She'll be so angry with me for not going right home. Let me go. I won't tell anyone, honest.'

Ann gets the details wrong like a mother should. Lesley's mother could not be expected to check the transcripts for her already painful-enough book. For her painful-enough life. Plus, it was long ago and she was fed massive amounts of painkillers. If anything, her personalizing and paraphrasing only increases her veracity.

Seventeen minutes of tape and I had heard only a minute or less. What unimaginable monstrosities remain hidden from me? They do not remain unimagined. Through the sleeping tablets and the tranquilizers the images insist on smearing themselves across my brain. Maybe the imagined horrors are worse than Lesley had to suffer...but what if they are not? What if Brady and Hindley's sick imaginations dreamed up more than I could to fuel their foul, deadly games?

It's only incorrect around the edges and her disgust is understandable. Her pain is incomprehensible. She convinces her audience by standing as straight as only can be expected, slightly teetering as is human, but determined to face the hideous truth as is extraordinary. One short minute sunk beneath emotional shale. Hard and cancerous.

I've seen the same amount of pornographic Lesley Ann photos as Ann West had before her death in 1999.

In *Devil's Disciples* (Express, London, 1986), Robert Wilson's account of his personal coverage of the trial of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, the author agreed – slightly – with the evidence for the defense for Lesley's murderers:

> Yes, the tape recording was a "harrowing experience", but on the photographs taken of Lesley Ann she appeared to be "calm and reasonably composed." There was no evidence as to how she died and to suggest she was suffocated was really guesswork.

The same book contained a photograph of Ms. West posed with her arm around the large gravestone on Lesley's grave.

> Ann West at the grave of the daughter she worshipped.

For the actual record of the defense, *The Trial Of Ian Brady And Myra Hindley* was published in 1975 by David & Charles, London, ten years before Robert Wilson's book:

> Mr Hooson said that the conduct of Brady and Hindley relating to the pornographic photographing of Lesley Ann Downey was absolutely disgraceful. The jury might think they both deserved punishment for that; but that was not what they were

being tried for. It was one thing to say that the accused were so ruthless that they were prepared to photograph the little girl; it was quite another to say they killed her to dispose of her as a deadly witness against them. When one looked at the photographs, what perhaps was a little astonishing was how calm the little girl looked. The child appeared to be reasonably composed, and that might give the jury some idea of what went on at the time of the tape recording.

This is petty pornography. It is desperate. And rutting. Insufficient. It is ugly and demeaning to all those involved in it. It is unnecessary. Absolutely. The small, embarrassing, humiliating product of a wretched degrading and degraded process. I had been arrested and sat in jail around a constant shift of idiot loud garbage. I figured the cops who placed me here were making way too much out of nothing really. I kept turning the same thoughts around in my head. I didn't belong here. I was white and that alone made it obvious. They were all niggers. One exactly the same low gorilla shape as the other and all of them there for "boosting." Every fucking one of them. And I didn't do anything. Possession of child pornography. Suspicion of kidnap and rape and murder of children. I hadn't done a fucking thing. This was a huge mistake. It was all over my head and out of my power and I was starting to get indignant. How could these cops really be this dense. They had allowed the project filth of Chicago to infect their lives to such an extent that they were now operating on the same exact level of misunderstood instinct. Both detectives that initially questioned me were niggers. Nine-to-five niggers. The white greaseballs that came in later to see the mess that was made had to be running around the office worrying more about damage control than what little uglies I quietly masturbated to. It wasn't until far later that I

started to realize that they were right. After a trial that lasted over three years and money problems that would set a course for the rest of my life. After more than a decade of trying to forge perfect contacts that would get me what I wanted and not arrested again. I had learned to look around the rocks instead of under them. I hid. And shut the fuck up. And I was still thinking just like these blank-stare cuntlapping monkeys and jagoffs.

Kenneth V. Lanning defines the difference between child pornography ("More simply stated, child pornography is photographs or films of children being sexually molested.") and child erotica in his chapter on collectors in *Child Pornography And Sex Rings* (Lexington, Massachusetts, 1984):

> Child erotica, on the other hand, is a broader and more encompassing term. It can be defined as any material, relating to children, that is sexually arousing to a given individual. It is in a sense a subjective term, as almost anything potentially could be sexually arousing. However, some of the more common types of child erotica include photographs that are not sexually explicit, drawings, sketches, fantasy writings, diaries, and sexual aides.

In *Child Pornography: An Investigation* (Methuen, London, 1990) lazy investigative journalist Tim Tate works a little harder:

> Child erotica is not illegal – how could it be? It is only the association in the pedophile's mind that invests it with a sexual content.

I wanted to see more. I remembered what remarkably little I had seen and I very carefully took it with me. I agreed with them. These

worried parents. These fucking caregivers. I wanted to see the misery that they saw. The pain and terror and explicit filth that forced the pig idiot lawyer to lobby for the new law making mere possession of child pornography a felony in Illinois. The same tit who actually came to my apartment on the day of my arrest and sat on my cum-stained couch and scowled at me like she knew what was going on. It had to be as good as they promised because their access was so fucking much better than mine. I was, devastatingly, getting everything that was sexually important to me from them. Guarantees for something always better. I was lazy and stupid. I was removed and loud and convinced. Attracting the attention of the police and the ire of the public was almost like finally getting to fuck your dream date.

In October of 1999, the BBC broadcast a three-part documentary on the Moors Murders. The first episode announced that the series was produced with the help of all the victim's families. The first time, they bragged, that such a feat had been accomplished. Sadly, this wasn't exactly true. The families had actually never seemed shy about cooperating with the press and were regularly collected for quotes and soundbites. Cynics might argue that they seemed a bit too available. With one exception. Missing from almost all of the many books published beforehand, the phenomenal amount of press that continued almost weekly for over thirty years, and in the latest BBC series, were the family of young homosexual Edward Evans; Brady's last victim and the one that lead to his arrest. Whatever the reasons for this shameful oversight – be they Evans's embarrassed or dignified relatives or the producers or the public's disinterest – it does force the actual nature of the crimes into a much tighter, much nicer, little box. Spoiled slightly if you compare the age of first victim Pauline Reade (16) to Edward Evans's (17). But aside from child sexual abuse mania, the primary similarities in the crimes is kidnap to

rape to murder. With the exception of Edward Evans whose memory is more typical of a queer getting rolled. Edward, it seems, had gone back to Brady and Hindley's house for sex while the other younger victims hadn't necessarily discovered that form of recreation yet. To be perfectly vulgar, the concept that Lesley or Keith or John or even Pauline might have enjoyed sucking Ian Brady's cock is never considered. They, all five of them, however, were looking for extra fun of one kind or another. And it was this fact that allowed Brady and Hindley, by way of promises of money or goods, to achieve an end to their own personal brand of excitements. The sex was a brutal surprise. If not violent in deed and murderous sexual taste, then certainly by way of simple procurement. And again in perpetuity as the facts, confessions and evidence grows and fuses. Still.

The photographs that Brady took of Lesley Ann Downey before he murdered her are not especially sexually graphic. I've seen far more explicit depictions of children her age and size with cocks in their mouths and fists and vaginas. Or some particularly memorable snaps of a tiny bald-cunted dutch tike undressing in the front seat of a car. You can't help but see the child-fucker behind the camera no matter what the action. Knowing that the pornography, in the publicly reviled sense, was in the intentions of the viewer and the artist recorder and not just in the amount of access and degree of depiction. Even untouching adult fingers in mere proximity of a naked child would seem more violent and filthy than the posed sexually inviolate photographs of Lesley Ann. I've only ever seen two. And memorized the wordy descriptions and details. Same as Ann West.

The three short BBC shows were recorded and sent to me by the same gentleman who, nearly twenty years earlier, had shown me a photograph of Lesley Ann Downey gagged and posed in prayer when I stayed at his bedsit in London. Half a lifetime later and I now

own a single image of Lesley Ann lying on her stomach, naked, with a scarf wrapped around her small mouth and tied behind her tousled black hair. Her head in a pillow. Her black eyes wide open. And I remember that her lovely girl's manchester black hair was newly cut because her mother talked about it in her book. That Lesley wanted it cut that way. At ten years old turning into a fucking make-up mirror. The way that little girls inevitably do. Almost naturally. And I pause on that image so carefully cropped by the BBC producers and I recall the photo reproduction I could only spend not enough quality time with all those years ago. But Lesley's eyes were closed then. She was acting as if she were praying. At the side of the bed. Like they used to do back then. Which a loving christian family could have made cute given another context. And now. Her eyes recorded in bad PAL to NTSC transfer and impossible to make out from the black and white of the original police possession. And her little white butt out of the picture. Told to raise her stomach a little and you would have been able to see her ten-year-old kid's cunt. From the back. Under her asshole. Like a dog. Cow. Tool. Made to pose and be quiet. Threatened. Stolen. Instructed. Educated. Wasted. Lesley had stumbled over the name she gave her pornographers. She told them "Lesley Ann Weston" instead of her stepfather's West and her birthright Downey. I quickly remember. Again. When I lean back and concentrate on the prayer shot. And wonder if she was told to mock the position that she aped all on her own. When she told Ian and Myra that she'll swear on the bible and asked god to, please, help her.

You don't need anyone to tell you about pornography of the mind. You don't need to be convinced that what's in the photos isn't what your eyes refract into your overimaging brain. All that art you've twisted into conversation and all the licking and lucky fucking you've

reduced to masturbation says you know perfectly well how to read child pornography. I will never possess the coveted images of the ten-year-old Lesley Ann Weston that retired detective Roy Jarvis gloryholed on the documentary:

> When we found the photographs of Lesley Ann Downey standing on a bed, naked, legs apart, hands outstretched, clothed in nothing but a pair of socks and wearing a gag, with a terrified look in her eyes, we realized that if we could link the...

That police chief Peter Topping fleshed out by talking of Myra in the wake of Lesley's worst day:

> She sees that the child was bleeding. And...there's ligature around the child's neck. And um...that...Brady carries the child and puts it in the bathroom, washes the blood off the child. And – and then they...wrap the body in a sheet, with the clothing, because the child is naked. And then they put the body in the back of the mini-traveller with a view to going up to Saddleworth moor to bury it.
>
> She didn't go like a lamb to the slaughter. As Hindley said the others did. She fought very violently until eventually, she was quite horribly murdered.

This is pimped pornography.

This is empathetic pornography.

Lesley's mother wrote about her child and her ordeal. And she created a very particular lifestyle pornography. A pornography of sympathy and good intentions and overburdened altruism. A proxy'd mother's crowfoot mouth and your personal fist. The tightest

child's crying cunt or an untouched queen's asshole, now easily available and begging for it, and all looking exactly like brutal humanity rather than purposefully bad camouflage. A brash horny coquette cooing out obvious lies while bathed in hideous ignorant flattery. A perfect mother glowing in strength or humble weakness or tragic destruction all depending on which hole she wished to turn towards whatever any select audience offered her by way of silent alms, vapid respect, even bashful suspended disbelief. And the market that she fed backed up on her. Her existence flattened out. Her drug-soaked mind searched for excuses to continue and came out with vengeance. Her perpetual loss clogged up every drain out of every sewer offered her.

Mum pornography.

> ...Lesley was the shyest and most modest girl alive. PE at school was a nightmare to her. She hated to do handstands, in case her knickers showed. At bathtime the bathroom door was firmly locked; her innate modesty would not allow her to be seen undressing or in the bath by her brothers. They would tease her about her shyness, and especially about a photograph of her taken at the seaside when she was a toddler. It showed her standing at the edge of the sea with bucket and spade in hand, her dress tucked into her knickers. The innocence of that scene and the cruel attempt at pornographic humiliation I had just witnessed were in stark and terrible contrast. I tried to imagine what it must have been like for Lesley having to undress while two weird strangers stood by sneering and laughing. It is impossible to imagine. In 25 years I have never been able to feel what she must have felt. Maybe my inability is a protection from the madness that would surely

follow if I were to have to undergo, even mentally, what she had to.

Lesley's mother was interviewed and projected. She posed in front of the prison that held her child's sex killer. She loudly, ostensibly, campaigned on behalf of others who have suffered such similar and monumental indignities. She muttered her way through evasions and public allowances, basking and sinking all at once in the same gaze that registers yet averts wheelchair lumps and drooling bus-riding psychopaths.

The BBC specials broadcast her in her robe, wrinkles, and absolutely vulgar drug haze. She had to squeeze the words out from a drawn gray monotone valium-plus slur. Her cheapened english slump pretentiously demanding attention and cheap pity masked as reverence. Like waiting in line to fuck a five-dollar hotelroom painting.

I think everybody loved Lesley. She never gave cheek. I never had to smack her. She always done as she's told. She came in from school every night. She'd go up. Change out of her uniform. Make her bed. Come down. Do her homework. She's...well, every mother says she's perfect. But she was perfect.

Of the four of five attendant wretched mothers, the good Ms. West was the one seen to have suffered the most. All still wore their pain on their quickly tearing faces but only Ann had to survive the recordings of her daughter being abused.

Joan Reade, mother of Pauline, clad in black and filmed with her head sadly shaking like Parkinson's remembered putting a favorite necklace around her daughter's sixteen-year-old throat on

her last evening alive:

> Well, you're my favorite girl, aren't you?

And.

> I wouldn't have let her go on her own.

These are old women. The crimes committed against them over thirty years ago. Their displayed and honed and suffered grief still seen to be eating away at their health and sanity after all these painful slow years. And what once may have been chips in the facade of personality have now turned to great ugly hacks with the ravages of age. Women don't get better looking. They don't have to get smarter. So sympathy and pity can do what no make-up can ever do. One wonders what they would have had to offer the world if not such monumental pain.

Sheila Kilbride talked about John and drew on a mother's memory. John "grinned his cheeky grin" on his way out of her home before his sexualized abduction.

And the end of the series came with Winnie Johnson, loving mother of the corpseless Keith Bennett, crying into the shoulder of a family member while they lay a large plastic wrapped bouquet of flowers into the mud of the moors. Her voiceover:

> "One day I will find him. And there's no way I'm going to give up till I find him. And I won't rest till he is found and put to rest in a grave, a proper grave."

The problem becomes not what is available as pornography but

what you can trust.

This is dupe pornography. You have to swallow the suburban fantasies to get off. First. You have to – somewhere – find the belief that the pain of these crimes lies with the victim's families. And that this pain is insurmountable. Lest you should be left with old women wading in the swill of their own laziness while you become the old lonely loser stupidly paying whatever high price you can't afford to whatever ugly stripper who'll only show what very little she has to show. All these child-porn hounds settling for photos of little girls in magazines advertising candy or appliances or, the high-market version, underwear and make-up. All these gross men braying after a touch of tit or an entry into a slimy cunt or an evening wasted following a wiggle and a wink and a dreamed invitation. Tell me about your mother, dear. How are relations at home? Do we still stay in touch with the old adults in our life? Home for the holidays again, is it?

Ann West, in her painful book, vomits all over herself:

> I thrashed around in the confines of the bed and prayed for the pills to take me away from such grotesque reality. When I slipped for brief periods into unconsciousness the photographs came alive. Lesley was abused, humiliated and degraded before my eyes and I screamed helplessly while it went on and on.

This is comfort pornography.

Ann West, in the BBC, sniffs and breaks down her slow slur into tears:

> "I'm on eleven tablets a day. Sleeping tablets. And I've been on them for thirty odd years. And I can't go to sleep without them.

She's always in my mind and in my thoughts."

This is cheap pornography.

These plugs are out on the street thinking dirty little thoughts about all the children around them. How they'd like to see that sexy fucking child take their personal cock into its body and taste it from inside its smallish wriggling. The idiot ten-year-old out on her bike enjoying her free time becomes, in her ignorance and his desperation, pure pornography simply by accident of proximity and especially by camera focus. And it's the threat that makes it a big deal. With the understanding that these pedophiles will simply not be able to hold their lusts in check forever. Pornography won't be enough. Because it never is. Sooner or later, all niggers want to touch the real thing. All dogs want to smell and taste the true information. All artists want to make their fantasies reality. And everyone with a cock wants to use it to fall in love. Accordingly, cops and judges and newscasters get to keep their cushy jobs. Because the rest of the plugs are pretending to be frightened or overly concerned about the purity of children. In general. It's the filthy, obdurate mind that can create a joke like Megan's Law. Create a website for missing then murdered Christina Williams. Publish the names and addresses of child abusers in the local give-away coupon newspapers.

The first cum that evening was in front of some hag hispanic. Mother scars – stretch marks and cellulite – on her skinny faded blotched drawn stomach. Almost black pancake nipples and gristled labia. She bent over and slammed her wobbly ass up against the plexiglas to mimic getting fucked by my exposed hard-on. She creaked her ethnic face back to watch me masturbate. What part of her I was staring at and what image I was clouding over all that cheap ugly filth.

The second one was much later in the evening when I went back

rather than just return to my hotel to sleep off, and waste, another good drunk. This time I walked past the booths and to the dancing stage. Paid whatever small amount of dollars it was to get the screen up and took up the first nigger that approached me with an offer.

She told me to return to one of the numbered booths I was in earlier and that she would be right there. I had already paid her through the tip slot.

She was naked in the round. Now she was barely wearing a bikini. From behind the slightly scratched, slightly blotched glass that separated the booths into one booth and one cage, the skinny monkey asked for another tip. I obliged and she immediately tugged out her tits, dropped her panties and spread her cunt open as far as her flesh and trimmed hair would allow.

She quickly fell into the same position as the mexican and concentrated her efforts into making me cum as quickly as possible by playing at what all blunted men want and can't resist.

Both pigs did whatever little was asked of them by management. Which meant that as soon as the customer started to cum, they immediately get dressed and bolt. They waited mid-cum but by the last drop, they were almost certain to be gone. This was their way of making their contempt for you and their refusal to buckle down to the degradation of such a necessary job clear to you. Scumbags that once pretended to be enjoying glorious, or at least available, femalia had, in the last decade or so, been replaced by scumbags that enjoyed watching femalia sink to its own toilet level. The cum on the glass was not a tribute to naturalism or unfair beauty or even quick understandable release but rather a mark of disgust. Masturbating with a scowl replaced a stupefied stare. Cumming was spitting. And that spit was acidic to declining minds. Turning the hourly wages and tips, no matter how dear, into long wearing minutes

of reflection and unequivocal contexts.

The final load was in a buddy booth just down the street. Some czech mouthpig that I had motioned over to my door as we pulled at our hardly impressive half-hard dicks aimed at each other through the exact same plexiglas set-up as that for those cunt-stretching money cunts. But this time the promise, the game, was physical. And as divorced from finance and male gaze and disassociation issues as can expected when it's 4 a.m. and one finds oneself trolling around Times Square.

I came into his mouth and against his barely wet lower lip. Drunk. With just a little cum and less provocation. Before he had a chance to finish me safely with his hand. Not that he seemed to care. He didn't want to share. He must've sucked off strangers all night. Meeting them all from behind the dollar-a-shot glass partitions and then crossing over to the reductions. And infecting his farm with more than what was just on reasonably priced display.

But how bad could it have been? To have placed a cock in your mouth as if no one else has ever done such a disgusting thing. To pose while someone masturbates. To become pornography.

And as if no child had ever been told what to do. That unspecified details and demands were simply the most painful thing in the playful day so far.

In spite of the indolent acceptance excuses. In the face of such miserable middle-class recreational idiocy. Against all impolite and sensible evidence to the contrary. Lesley Ann Downey remains the perfectly adequate corpus of child pornography. I know it was only a gag in her little mouth. And drug-pumped Ann's child wasn't even crying on the bed looking even emotionally damaged. And the tiny but brutally necessary details get straw-sucked through narcissistic agendas sold by stingy pimps and, only if you're lucky, cloying deluded housepets.

From *Brady And Hindley* (Ashgrove, Bath, 1986) by Fred Harrison:

> But talking to her friend Rena Duffy 19 years later, Hindley acknowledged that she had 'put a handkerchief in the child's mouth to stop her screaming and crying.' The walls of the council house were thin, and she was frightened that the neighbors would hear the girl crying. But Hindley was still adamant: 'Emotionally, the child had been damaged, but physically she hadn't.'

From the *Manchester Evening News*, April 12, 1988, under the front-page headline THROAT-CUT HORROR OF MOORS GIRL:

> Mr Topping said the body was very well preserved and was dressed in a woolen coat. Pauline's dress was pulled up above the waist, exposing the buttocks and her stockings and suspenders were visible. Her knickers were missing.

The *Daily Mirror* of August 8, 1987 gave its first three pages to Pauline Reade's funeral, held just after the sixteen-year-old's body had finally been found:

> Patrick Kilbride, father of 12-year-old victim John Kilbride sat in the back of the black limousine, shook her hand and said: 'I'm sorry you have had such a hard time, Joan.'
>
> Joan had been allowed out from her psychiatric ward on the understanding that three nurses did not leave her side throughout yesterday's ordeal.

If the little girl was the shyest and most modest girl alive then she is

currently the shyest and most modest piece of pornography laid forever splayed out wide and wanting in front of absolutely every fucking body. Clothed and smiling. In black-and-white newsprint next to its mother's vulgar pimping and its intense gang of male-prodding protectors. An extremely popular piece of used and masticated child information. And especially, but not exclusively, in front of fat lazy fretting men all hoping its mother's honking and bleating and slurring can deep-throat all that busy fogged technique into something more than just a single, empty, one night tweak. Hoping against all common sense that the mother behind glass knows the blinding bright stage lights better than she knows her hungry desperate audience.

One of the 8mm memories I've always carried was a murky clip of one hard-fought little girl. I'm pathetic enough to keep her ten years old in deference to the pictures of Lesley that she looks nothing at all like. Repulsive proxy agitation. Only ten years old. Then. And this little rat knew a little too much about her craft. That she knew the details at all, at such a tender and shy and modest age, is what makes such a simple quick gesture so significant. She knew that she could peel the skin back on an uncircumcised penis before she placed it into her mouth. This would possibly have been done to increase the sensitivity of her unfair male partner as much as it could have been done to see exactly what she was dealing with. All that icky girl concern over smegma and oil and hair and bumps and scales. She could have been told right there and then. She probably didn't like the first flaccid taste that she had the displeasure to swim through before. All that extra heavy skin on her little tongue. They don't mind acting like immature little girls at that age, do they? I honestly am only concerned, worried if you must, at her impressive prowess. At her used-before age dates. How many instructions could be hurled at such

an age and how quickly would one respond. How many times, if nothing else, did the director or the procurer or her father fuck her before she got here in front of the camera. And whose dick was she reacting to? Was it a memory that allowed her to take her european tickle or glance or just the slightest grace in making a bad job just a little bit more tolerable? Was it wretched second nature now? Turgid twisted innocence? She did not give a porno performance. She did not finish the job. She did not jack-hammer her head palsy back and youthfully forth and lap at the balls and use her tiny skinny fingers to make a fist that pistoned the hard cock while she tongue-poked and speared the fat pink glans in-between cute small mouthed kisses and pecks. The focus, however, was on her. Not on the cock. Not like contemporary hollywood pornography. Where the women are of age and financial decisions. Or where love and respect and physical sports and spiritual candle-whiffing meaning all coalesce. Where the angles are all cock-centric. Male pleasure by phallic worship and gratitude and other ridiculous capitalist fomentations. The focus here is on her little rat face and the open mouth that she left open so that our uncircumcised friend could slide his cock slowly back into her tiny ten-year-old empty hating head. He patted his cock there. He caressed his cock against her tongue and slid it into her mouth. Gently pushed the skin back down. Her focus is our focus. You understand, mother? Pig? It was her that was getting face-fucked. First. It was her that knew how to work a cock at ten years old, let's say, and then only slightly because either her body – her head in this case – wasn't big enough yet or because she only knew what she didn't like about this particular job. She didn't know the life-affirming excuses and god-searches and orgasmic pits she could hang her little used-up open and emptied body on yet.

I'm not completely convinced and I only need a little tight way in. But I hope I wouldn't allow a sold fantasy or a purchased con confuse the reality from the proof. And, anyway, I want to make my own now. Which is what pornography allows – forces, cajoles – you to do. And in this one our little rat with the tiny hands and pink mouth would wear knickers. And she'd undress in a corner. And she would perform bad clumsy handstands. And I would be able to see the tight flesh-formed slash between her legs and under her flat asshole when she'd childishly spread her legs and, alternatively, struggle to keep them together either lifting or dropping or shivering her tiny titless frame into a safe show-off wobbly exercise. I'd notice her ten-year-old cunt because it's what she shouldn't have been showing me. She certainly knew enough to hide it. To be embarrassed about its improper display. At her trollop-like disregard for her own good christian shame. She was taught better than that.

Spread your legs and put your feet on the wall behind you. Balance yourself that way. Keep your hands on the floor and your Lesley hair out of your face. Never mind your stupid fucking modesty. Your tits mean nothing now. No matter what your mother told you. Honestly, you wouldn't recognize her now. Full of tears and backwoods rage and all sorts of colorful drugs. She had a nurse's outfit for you for christmas. Your cunt means nothing now. None of your brothers are here to see what little you have to show, darling. Who taught you to be so modest and shy? Shut it or I'll fucking hit you one.

In an article about claims compensation titled THE FINAL ANGUISH – MOORS FAMILIES TO LOSE OUT? from the January 29, 1988 *Manchester Metro News*, Ann West was interviewed:

> Sitting in her Whalley Range home below a portrait of Lesley Ann,

she said 'No one has suffered more than I have. It's not the dying. I'd have sooner have seen her run under a bus. It was the torture, the screams on that tape. No one really knows what she went through. I still hear her now. She could have married and had children. That's a whole generation lost.'

For example.

I've tried fucking hard to supplant Sally Mann's self-conscious photograph of her daughter Jessie in "Jessie At 5" (1985) with my pervert details of JonBenét Ramsey. In the Mann portrait, little Jessie is loaded with make-up and pearls and earrings. The women involved have done her hair, I'm guessing, as well. She's stripped to her skinny gangly five-year-old waist and she cocks her shoulders...provocatively. She stares straight out like Brooke Shields.

I just wanted to see JonBenét like that. Made up in all that southern lipstick and rouge, looking more than just like her mother's doll. Stripped and lipsticked. Don't fucking smile like that. But it doesn't work. Look hard at those thousands of photos of the tiny christmas murder victim and see if she pulls it off. She never ever fucking does.

Jessie Mann, now eighteen, talked about her mother's work with her in a recent issue of *Aperture* (162, 2001):

> I also think she brought out a certain sexuality in children that nobody wants to think about. Some people still have real problems with the pictures...

This is a depressingly common evasion but one that has worked well to keep scoptophilia forever separate from crime. Voyeurism is acceptable as long as the work is uncomfortable and disturbing and

neutral. If it works too well and those elastic impulses are defined a bit more rigidly, a tad more robustly, the base masturbating answers could prove devastating.

Jessie Mann is seen now as a voluptuous late-teenager on the verge of more than just womanhood in the contemporary photo of her that juxtaposes one of her better known nude child shots. Compare her bald and flat and bone-skinny with the big tits in what looks like a sports bra tightly flopped in a dago-t. She isn't interesting either way until her interview reveals an unconfessed need for AA spirituality:

> I had a drinking problem from the time I was thirteen, and that's been the number-one strain on my relationship with my mom. I was one of those awful kids to raise.

For example.

Most pedophiles of the heterosexual biology prefer girls that resemble skinny boys. Dirty Jessie now loads her recorded history with information her photographer mother didn't reveal. And maybe that's what it takes to finally recreate Sally Mann's oeuvre as better and different than the other idiots marketing their ugly children and friends to softcore predefined pedophile tastes. Though, just like looking at a close friend's photo of herself in red tights as a child shouldn't necessarily remind you of little Marie Payne's gross misfortune, an alcoholic teenager isn't all that sexy. I'm sure her reasons for drinking excessively had more to do with monied lesbian art-world access than child-porn-star stigma. Sadly.

The full color front-page "Sun Picture Exclusive" for July 26, 1995. WELL-FED FACE OF EVIL CHILD MURDERER IAN BRADY:

> Furious Ann West, mother of ten-year-old Moors victim Lesley

> Ann Downey, stormed last night: 'It's disgraceful – Brady's had it cushy for too long. He is supposed to be punished, not cosseted.'

And.

> Winnie Johnson, 61 – mother of 12-year-old victim Keith Bennett – called the fiend's pampered lifestyle 'outrageous.' She said 'I wish I could afford to live in the luxury Brady enjoys. He belongs in prison, not some fancy hospital.' Keith's body has never been found. Mrs Johnson said: 'If Brady was in prison I'd have a better chance of finally getting him to tell me where he buried Keith.'

And.

> Joan Reade, the mother of Manchester victim Pauline, 16, said: 'It's disgraceful. He should be punished, not pampered. My daughter had her own chance of a good life, growing up and having children of her own. But that life was cruelly taken away by this man.'

MYRA MOVES TO 'HOLIDAY CAMP' – FURY OVER SOFT LIFE FOR MOORS MONSTER was the front-page headline of *International Express* for the week of February 4 – 10, 1998. Alongside a color photo of Myra cuddling two dogs was a color photo of a summery young lady and the caption "LOVER: Lesbian Nina Wilde will find visits easier."

And in the two-page article:

> Winnie Johnson, mother of 12-year-old Keith Bennett whose body has never been found, said: 'It appears the authorities are forever going out of their way to make Hindley's life more cushy. not only

should she remain in jail until she rots but she should also be kept in the most demanding conditions – not a place which sounds as if it is only a little less comfortable than a holiday camp.'

MOTHER OF MOORS VICTIM DIES, *The Express*, February 10, 1999:

She had spent the past 34 years keeping alive the memory of her ten-year-old daughter who was kidnapped, tortured and strangled by Myra Hindley and Ian Brady on Boxing Day 1964. During the trial of the two killers in 1966 she heard her daughter cry out on a tape the two had made:'I want to see my Mummy. Please God, help me.'

Mrs West campaigned relentlessly to ensure Hindley, 56, would never be released. In 1997 she had to have Lesley Ann's body moved to a secret location after vandals daubed the grave. When she knew she was terminally ill she said: 'It has been a life sentence for me.'

BRADY: LET ME DIE, *Daily Mail*, November 18, 1999:

Norman Brennan, director of the Victims Of Crime Trust, denounced Brady's 'let me die' plea as nothing more than another bid for special treatment he did not deserve. Mr Brennan, who for five years has spoken for the family of Lesley Ann Downey, the ten-year-old murdered by Brady and Hindley after they recorded her torture on tape, said many people would like to see the child killer 'rot and die.'

He did not believe Brady should be allowed to cheat justice by killing himself, adding: 'He is paying the price of his despicable

crimes and that price was a life sentence.'

MYRA'S TURN TO FEEL PAIN – FIRST PICTURES FOR 7 YEARS, *The Sun*, March 10, 2001:

> Her appearance had altered considerably since she was last photographed – also by *The Sun* – in March 1994.
>
> The brown hair she had then appeared to have developed a redder hue, indicating a change to the dye she has used to avoid going gray.
>
> Her face was more wrinkled and pock-marked than when she was last seen in public.
>
> Chain-smoking Hindley has suffered several health problems in jail.
>
> She has the heart condition angina and brittle bone disease osteoporosis.

There is so much that doesn't qualify. All these trifles and unimportant degradations. I know of no other art or pornography or taste that even comes close to warranting or supporting such intense perspicacity. In fact, a danger arises in that one can easily see how the public's recalcitrant lust for the murder and rape and recording of Lesley Ann Downey could create the misunderstanding that a more specifically degenerate interest in her could be quietly acceptable or benign. Or that the responsive media fascination is a signpost for perverts to avoid help and instead find their ugly delusions more appropriate in light of the public's greater denials. That the picky details are much bigger than petty. That the pain was as vivid as only can be seen from all the fucking way over here. That there's more to honesty than facts and proof. There's more to reality than

what's sold and promised.

I'm no longer that person. I've already apologized. I'm not that desperate anymore. I'm not fooled. I'm embarrassed by my regrets. I'm fucking done living like that.

Nothing is as terrible as child pornography. Just like they said. I still absolutely believe that.

# 3

It'll never work if it doesn't fit immediately. I've tried. Fuck knows. You can't make yourself like something. Which should sound obvious. Sometimes you think you should give it time. I used to feel so guilty after I used child pornography. I used to feel guilty because I tried to think what I could have done to not cause myself the troubles I knew would follow. Of course, they did. And I found that even harder to reconcile afterwards. You keep thinking it isn't worth it. But it's not acceptable to be thinking yourself out of doing what you want all the time. The worst thing was the line always seemed to blur, legally, at teens. But I was never interested in their hairless sprouted bodies or their wasted tragic zombiedom. I liked young children. Mainly girls. But they were so much harder to find as pornography. The boys are auctioned around and no one bats an eye. These men have developed tastes for slippery, knocked-out looking boys because that's the only pornography they could see. The only

molestation they would allow. The boys were sleeping. These pigs suck on lifeless meat that won't fight back, register or complain. Then the cologne-soaked cumrags chase that camp trigger all the way through their penny-pinching recluse retirements.

Westley Allen Dodd had an intense relationship with the first *Superman* movie or some fucking version. A little boy is nude in one scene and the little thing stands up to display, full-frontal, his little package of all around three years old. He was also fond of *The Blue Lagoon* which he even got to see again while in jail. He was, to use a cheesy noir gild, hardwired to react to any naked child. He recalled all his favorite glimpses and memories, in detail, in notes before he died. Effortlessly. I tried watching those movies, thinking that I would have the same reactions. Plus I liked the idea of using this child molester, this rabid pervert strangler, as a barometer. I figured I'd be able to cum thinking of him masturbating his own cock easy enough. But it won't work that way. Not for me. It seems especially pitiful to make such a big deal about such a little cum but that is what you end up wasting your otherwise apparently important time on. I love these faggot child molesters.

But I can't find naked children exciting. Until they've been put in a specific context. Trebles. I understand that context. But the little rats are brushed and combed, aren't they?

These Garcia Group and Dirk Yates military-type circuses. These bare-chest rednecks who are just gay grist. Some of them have very average-sized cocks and that's enough to make me watch them. You don't see the regular meats that you do every day-in and every day-out that you do around the bars and the joints in pornography. Stupid straight trade generally bores me.

But, lately, I like sucking these worthless fucks off more and more. These fatty desperate plugs who actually come in here looking for

absolutely any kind of physical brush at all. They want dick. And they want to cum. But I avoid the businessmen. I couldn't give a fuck about cumming in or from them. Reminds me of these queers who think they're slumming when they go after trolls or trannies. The ones that'll fuck anything near enough to hobo just so they have a degenerate story to tell you later. Who need to get something, anything, but won't accept that it's so much more pedestrian than they know and can admit.

*You don't think you can see the real man when you see them naked, do you? You can't possibly think that these men twist into the animals they really are when they fall back behind their hard-ons and barked instructions? You never see them anyway.*

The ones that I suspect are molesting children, the ones I think I may have something to learn or get something from, you masturbate with. Their physical ugliness and their uglier obvious actions. This isn't a simple deal that's easily forgotten or cleanly compartmentalized.

The Machine Shop has been gutted. The backroom has empty boxes where the booths used to be. The doors have been taken off and are stacked on top of each other in a corner. The video players have been taken out of the walls and the wiring ripped through. You want to suck cock now; you can still do it through a gloryhole between the partitions but you're completely exposed. The tunnel rats have taken to fucking out in the open in the middle of the dust and splinter-filled corridors. And these are short, fat, stunted men who are used to hiding.

I'll tell you this. It's only recently – earlier this year – that someone I know was arrested for possession of child pornography. This person got away with the most flagrant tastes well before I ever

found myself at his door and for almost twenty years after my arrest for the exact same thing. It obsesses me that things have now become so terrible for him. I truly did respect and admire this man. Even though we had extreme differences of opinion and tastes. I remember running into him on the street one day and he took me aside to tell me that I shouldn't be friends with a particular mutual acquaintance. That this guy was dangerous and could lead to greater troubles. He was absolutely correct. And I listened to him. My troubles with the law came as a direct result of shooting my idiot mouth off. I knew it the first night I was in jail.

He had a huge cock. One of the biggest ones I ever saw. And he wore tight pants to show it off whenever I saw him. It was the single best reason I've ever known to want bigger and biggest genitalia. Not so that you could feel the stomach lining of size queen girls who have nothing to offer you in return. Or fags that used to wear mustard handkerchiefs in their back pockets. But to feed littler and littler frightened and excited boys with.

He made the best film I've ever seen. Put his own son's cock in a condom and then rubbed his hard rock cock up against the little miniature's pink soft lips. Your head was bombarded with ideas of what the chicken had grown up with and the way his father must've gauged cock size from the very minute he was born. And now. With him putting a rubber on that little cock like a television-intentioned teacher and cultural sap; giving the little toy lessons on how to stay alive. My mind still reels. It hits so many nerves and avenues of thought. Like perfect art. It makes all of it better because the hung fiend really knew what he was doing. He was an extremely intelligent man. And to put him in jail is absolutely a waste. You can imagine what will happen to him there. He'll, no doubt, make some slick pigs very happy. Like Sydney Cooke masturbating and talking

about sex all the time. Driving his cellmates crazy. Except with a big fat thick smooth cock. Big greasy balls and a head full of fucking and ripping these little boys all made-up and fresh and smooth and crying and then, finally, accepting and learning more and more. Perfect. You can't help but look for others exactly like him now.

That essential moment when these trolls slide down their pants in front of you. As you're sitting in one of those shitty cum and cigarette-stained plastic chairs like a doctor giving a syphilis examination. And these men tug down their pants to display the sex meat they're either proud and rude about or embarrassed and ashamed and hopeful behind. They all deserve better. Every one of them. I try to get them to understand that they can give even more this way. And I spend an extra amount of time licking and pushing hard inside their piss holes. So few of these heterosexual cocksuckers do that because they're afraid of disease or a bad stomach bug. But I lick up and down the shaft and swallow their bulk heads and around their ridges and across their soft veins and pump their cocks with my fist while I lick up the pre-cum from the end of that black opening sick hole.

What I want, I've always known, is very simple. I know that somewhere is a very little boy who's just beginning to sense those stirrings in his personality. And somewhere is his mother who's allowed him to play with dollies that she's bought for him and says absolutely nothing along the lines of it being too feminine. I want a short film of this boy walking just behind this mother as he pushes a miniature play stroller comfortably outfitted for his favorite girlie doll. He's perfectly happy and perfectly oblivious. None of the other mothers at the park say a thing and, if anything, pretend that they're proud of their mother buddy who's handling such a difficult

problem so well. I just want to stop on the street and see the boy with his stroller and his big beaming unaware smile and he and his mother can walk into the fenced park, the mother cheerfully holding open the gate for the little one's private fantasy parade, and they'll never ever think of this moment again. But I want to have it on film. And I want it to be the start of a private video that someone has made for me. Someone with a belly and an open terrycloth bathrobe and a fat cock that gets as hard as an old bloated wheezing former teen can get. All the sex that happens between this potbellied pig fuck and the little effeminate boy is so unimportant to me. I've seen the sex before. The hog can lower his face between such little peach thighs and swallow what's there whole plus. You love these big wobbling mouths and tongues all over such tiny catchable works. Such a pretty little asshole and such a fat grotesque cigarette-rank tongue. Big licks and tiny rude careful kisses perfectly aimed. Wet fingers and real fright and tickles that don't elicit anything but deep hatred. On film.

I want this boy to not know a thing about this. He's too young to respond in a way that suggests either sorrowful humanism or stretched bratty bad temper. He'll be gay when the time comes to admit it and he can forget all about his dollies and dresses until his mother fills him in on the embarrassment years and years later. But through his teens he can blame his sexual confusion and old troll proclivities on having been molested just like little heterosexuals blame the world for having been forced to leave the womb.

He'll have a poking erection. He's too young for a tall one. For it to mean anything grand. But all that sucking and loving and slurping its little fleshy length. I'll let you fuck it. You can suck its anus some more. You should place those treble lips all over your adult heft and drop your doughy loose ass on his face.

I'd like to see it drugged if it starts to scream. I'd like to see it dazed enough to choke forced red on its own stinging stopped vomit. I'd love to see film of it dying and thrashing and spitting up nothing but hard damp air until its tiny vessels and strained throat muscles cough up impacted blood clots. Injecting the little child with liquid cocaine and speedball concoctions. The screaming would be inaudible. Fucking something small and defenseless with a face more concerned and contorted by an exploding heart and frothy muted overwhelming fear. But, more than anything, I want that film with the mother and his playtime stroller and his someone stupid's nice idea for a day out prelude. That sets everything else up. Perfectly.

You could put that beginning up before the poor four-year-old or so gets to sit at the side of a bed and watch two men fuck. Two fat gross bears who peel assholes open and jab tongues down in and around and back up like snorting retard faggots. Two hairy heavy hanging belly men with stretch marks and sweat blisters and selfish ugly small cocks face the little now naked boy. Side to side. They kneel on a large bed, the boy in the corner where the bed hits the wall and the men forming a fat fleshy pigheaded block as they cover any other view. One pigman leans forward and puts his head on the mattress towards the boy's knees. He lifts his blubbery ass high in the air and the other pig starts to finger-fuck it. First pig raises his paunchy girth into a kneel just next to the second naked finger-plugging idiot and returns the favor effortlessly. The boy sees nothing but stupidity and skin-slid darkened cocks and bad balance. Hears wet fingers being sloshed and picked into brown filthy brutalized matted assholes. Watches their freckled, pock-marked, furry slumped shoulders and forearms jab, shake, twist and slap quicker and deeper. These fingers will be mixed into hands that settle onto hard frightening erections and then fat huge paws that

stink and stain and cover his face and mouth and nose and burning eyes and fit inside exactly like they did to each other.

This little cutie need do nothing more than watch.

He won't suck, yet, like he likes it. Like he was born to do. Like he wasn't humiliated and traumatized into little convenient indiscretions.

Just as long as I can see him dressed up tight and lovingly for a fall weather day in rainy cold Chicago. Pushing his stroller and caring for his moptop little blonde baby doll. This has to be there and that, all the grimy disgusting unfair hideous sex afterwards, won't necessarily mean a fucking thing as far as how it's performed and read and played out.

When I was younger, it was only the real dross that made immediate eye contact. The lowest ones. That had to be steeled and strike, as it were, before anyone else had a chance. Or before you decided you were actually looking for something specific. Now it's completely different. The men make eye contact by staring straight at you as soon as you walk down the corridor. They burn at you. As if challenging you is horny and seductive. And as soon as they get you to focus back, they lock in and do something TV taught them. Like lick their lips or drop their eyes down to your crotch. The worst ones are the ones that grab their packages and come up with nothing but pants material. But these men are the only ones that come in here now. These are old men and men who have nothing else but this. Years ago, the ones that acted like gluttons were interesting because of their scowls and puerility. They got more cock than anyone and were absolutely ravenous. You'd wonder what it was that fucked them up so badly, because it had to be more than their looks. They were deficient in so many ways. They'd yank their stubs out

immediately and start beating as soon as they could look and suck. As if they knew you weren't going to hang around because they sucked so badly. Which was the case. These animals would count up hundreds of cocks a week but all for just a few seconds each. They certainly weren't going to wait for you to cum. After the first few tastes, it almost always turns into work. Unless you've got some other agenda. And these guys got more than enough just from the initial contact. Fair enough, it is those first few minutes that's most exciting. Before, or just as, the cocks start to poke and drop out and the tongues and chins get pushed around.

I beat off into the face of a slutty young man at the Bijou once and he pulled his face away from my cum. But, like all the old trolls I've seen back in the so-called golden years, he licked up the puddles and stains from my shoes and then the dirty concrete floor. There are a few in here that lock themselves in boxes to smoke crack and suck cock all day.

I've formed a few relationships with men I've met at the Bijou. One is still a friend today. An especially good one that I treated like shit because I didn't know any better and he seemed to prefer it that way, died. The last time I saw him he was so fucking sick that I acted like I didn't recognize him. There was yet another guy, a studenty thin fella with long blonde curls and a perpetually hard cock, that I often wonder what happened to. We fell out of touch after my arrest. He cruised me when he saw the videos I would buy from the Bijou. They used to have a downstairs cubicle that was stuffed with expensive porn tapes. And I used to buy nothing but scat stuff. He worked at the store and wrote his phone number on one of the receipts. He also gave me some of the better videos that weren't on sale back then but were traded in underground fag circles. Homemade tapes that came from the actors and producers of the sold

material but never released to the public as they were either illegal or just too much trouble to deal with. This kid would get out of a lukewarm bath mixed with piss and floats of melting shit and oiled with disease. Maintaining his fat beercan erection. I never did anything but top him. I wouldn't go near his sickness just as long as I got to see it. I'd treat him as hard as I could until he'd tell me that I hit too fucking hard and that I didn't have any awareness at all of how to control my strength or body. I had a videotape of him getting face-fucked by some chicago gorilla who kept trading punches to his face with cock stuffings to his mouth. He ended that scene the same way he did with me. Except that he tried to take it more when he was getting his mouth filled with a nice big bear cock. He was crying. Trying not to stop. His eyes were permanently closed and he was reduced to having the bear hold his face still so that a cock could get jammed back in. I told him I've never wanted to see someone cum as much in my whole life. Which was true until later. So many of these KP films end without ejaculation. So many of those are single still-captures from larger scattered series.

This guy, my shit friend, ultimately had to stand up, flushed and blind and blubbering, and shove the gorilla in the chest. Motherfucker hit him again. Not as hard as the queer deserved. But the bulky faggot then turns into this complete woman and starts to scratch. Both have big thick hard-ons. It ends in clumsy wrestling and hugging. And you have to wonder how much was anger and how much was just oversensitivity.

There are good markets for this kind of stupidity. Mostly proscribed by laws that can twist the playgames and sniggering points into more aggressive representations than they ever are in reality. Girls with broken toilet seats around their necks and lipstick smudges and gagging videos. They wouldn't exist if it weren't for the

laws against them. I'm never impressed when I hear about some stupid max hardcore redneck appropriation or fisting film. The next step is always better and always absent.

But I don't know why these fags want to suck cock. I don't know why there's so many cocksuckers here. I don't understand why they're compelled. At any time, one of these gross hogs will turn around after washing all over your responding crotch and asshairs and offer their spread-open butt. Roach. Crawling roaches. All you do is say: "Show me how much you enjoy it." And then after they wag their measly adult cock at you, tell them you want to see their ass. The first reply is: "Do you have a condom?" Then you stick your finger in first and push your cockhead right up to that hole. Spread. Pinch. Lick. I prefer fucking with a condom and I prefer sliding it down myself while they watch. That's why I'm not one of those poseur creeps who think you can yank the condom off when they're not looking. I want there to be something foreign and plastic inside that worthless allowance. I fuck shit and polyps and warts and always wish I could get deeper. And I like it when I stop pumping like a sewer drain and seed inside the latex inside the warm slack hot hole that they forget is severely ugly. And when I slide the feces and ointments out and peel back and start kissing or hugging or saying thank you or whatever it is that their midget personality requires. I just drop it on the floor and leave it for the next pig. Who'll pretend that it disgusts him. Though it'll much more certainly excite him. Into doing the very same thing soon enough.
I've taken blow-jobs through condoms. I used to insist on it.

What are you supposed to do, count the holes. Keep counting the holes. Or maybe you're supposed to pretend that each one will have something extra or special to remember them by.

The prettiest girl I ever slept with told me where to ejaculate all the time. In her mouth. "Only if you cum in my ass this time." Across small breasts with upturned pink nipples that got fatter as I watched her flick them with her fingernails like some idiot american college student. You'll end up masturbating to a photo of anything. One blurry tit. I have no proof that it's hers but it seems to look familiar. She'd swallow my sick drunk load after I fucked her ass and cunt and help me out with a gorgeous soft tongue. Kissing her was the best sex act I ever got lucky enough for. And it's defined every subsequent faggot kiss I've ever had. She, you understand, got nothing from it. I'm not wrong about slob aesthetics.

I jerk off onto photos of her as a child thinking not about how cute and beautiful she was then but how much I liked being at her adult asshole so long ago now. It isn't winsome. But I used to do that when I was younger. I had a girlfriend that whenever she wanted some attention, she'd wear a tube top or go braless to try and get me dumb. Whenever I would beat off, sat on my toilet at my mother's house, I'd try and imagine what her big sixteen-year-old tits felt like or what her nipples looked like when they got darker and harder and she'd let me suck them like a retard. But, even then, it was impossible to think of her and her body when my mind would drift to thoughts of littler children being fastened to radiators or fighting outside my attic window. It's where I wanted to be when I cummed. Not with women or men. But with hurt children. And I wouldn't even think of hurting them back then. But just about seeing them stripped and photographed and getting to read all that information that just fucking had to live on in that breakable skin and stupidity.

When I'm in someone's apartment and we fuck, they usually insist on you taking your shirt off and pulling and pinching on your nipples. I often suggest it now. But you could never take your shirt

off in front of these women. This woman. You see it in movies and you immediately understand the references. An old man fucking a young pretty thin girl is a greeding hog no matter how much they misunderstand is between them. They'll never get over this slimy inconsequential act and the forced acceptance. But it's that basement that's not hard to relocate in men standing in gay bars with their cocks hanging out waiting for a suck. Saw a balding old professor-type with a meager slab of exhibitionist beef between his legs at MB in LA and he was constantly occupied.

I was jerking off this lumpen troll from Southern Illinois. He was sat back against a wall on a wooden bench at Bijou. He had his pants off completely but kept a large light blue dress shirt on, unbuttoned to expose his hanging mass and saggy haired chest. He had a ridged pinkish cock that curved up in the middle as is common on these backward friendly middle-aged slobs. He started to tell me that he had two daughters that he used to make do this to him. Just jerk him off, you know, with their little hands. He said that the youngest was three when he first started on her and he kept doing both girls until they were eight and ten. He only stopped because his son finally told the mother and she took them away from him. I asked him if he ever fucked the son and he said the boy was too busy getting it from his sisters. But he didn't like boys the way he liked his daughters' little hands and that he always felt like doing just that. No matter what else was happening at the house for all those years. The girls talking about school or fighting with their mother or holidays. He just wanted them to wrap their fingers around the hard cock that I was stroking back and forth while he lovingly remembered it all. You ask any man with kids in here, he said, and they'll all have fucked with their children. Boys or girls. In here, especially. He put his hand behind my head to lower my face onto his cock but I easily resisted.

Did you ever make your daughters suck on it. How could you not. I started jerking and squeezing harder and tighter and faster. I wanted him to cum and I wanted to see it. I raised a claw to his hirsute tit and started to pinch and pull a soft pink nib. But he removed my hand. He slumped back further into himself and said he never got past the oral stage with them. His words. His choice. He couldn't fuck them. It wouldn't work. Do you have children, he asked me as if I could share a molestation story with him now. But I told him no. I didn't want to act as if I was his daughter. As if I was some stupid little girl or that this was some lame fantasy of his. I reached around to cup his balls and tried to get him to cum on my knuckles. Tell me about how your daughter made you cum. I queened. Suck it. Suck it and I'll tell you. Just tell me. I would've licked his grotesque nipple a little but I was trying to force him into telling the truth by staring at his pasty red blotched face. He was an ugly man, used to fucking men his own age now that he didn't fuck women he could marry. C'mon daddy. He moved my hands off him and said he didn't want to cum. It wasn't as good for him as it was for me. C'mon you old slob, tell me what you did to your little babies. Tell me about those little fingers on that ugly cock of yours. Fat ass. Maybe I could get him to blow me. I wanted to see him cum. Just the same. I was ready to expose my erection to him. Fuck his face and cum down his throat. Did you ever stick your finger in the little one? Did you ever get to kiss and lick and tickle inside her little cunt? Who'd she look like more? You or your fucking ugly wife. He was up off the bench but I'd only been whispering this shit into his ear like some horny faggot trying to elicit a bigger hard-on. He lumbers off the bench and I watch his sloppy rubbery ass bounce and hang and jiggle off into the hallway. I don't follow but get up immediately. Adjust my hard-on in my pants and head for the nearest booth as quick as possible. I

get into a pitch-dark closet and search for someone to stick something through one of the holes, preferably a fat ugly head but I'm not about to wait. So I just yank out my cock and pump maybe four or five times before I cum all over the booth and the empty hole. Would have been nice if some stupid faggot was there to watch or open up his spittoon for my sperm. But I was cumming before I even knew I could. I think I should have kept the hard-on. Kept the tip of my cock protruding into my belly and raised out of the top of my pants and licked and rubbed and played in the pre-cum as I walked back and forth in the halls looking for some old troll to suck it for me. I often keep hard as I walk around and massage it through my pants. Some of the queers in here let their cocks stand out from their zippers and walk around sticking it to anyone who'll look. If I want to get hard again, just after I cummed, I sometimes go into a booth and lean against the wall and start pinching both of my nipples. Through my shirt. If someone watches you doing this, they'll often come over to your little room and kneel. Undo your pants and swallow you whole. Takes forever to cum but I get hard fast. That's when I usually end up pumping in mouths. Face-fucking them. They'll most often take it just like that. And play with your ass. But if you can't cum or it looks like you're not as excited as you should be, these cocksuckers know to get up and go. They'll not suggest you work on them for a while. They'll just leave you wet and standing as straight up as you can muster.

# 3

# 1

*Denial.*
*In order to break through the excuses into reality, the assessor needs to know that what usually happens is that the offender thinks before he acts; imagines what he might do, and chooses or targets a child.*

Can I suck it. You want to suck my cock. What are you looking for, sweetheart? Take your shirt off. I like a big man. I was in a booth in L.W. Sales and a man tragically older than my overweight and sweating tall forty years asked me to take my shirt off. Not in here. Lift it up, he said, I like a big man. He licked my armpits and kissed my back and neck before he dropped down to suck my hard cock. When he came back up to his feet. To play in my belly and loose hang some more. He stuck his short erection into my fist and then leaned over to lick my nipples. Chewed with his lips and cheeks. And when I pushed my sweaty weight into his contorted dribbling

oily face, he bit in harder like he was supposed to.

I started to masturbate. And quickly cummed with him sucking hard on my chest and hair and bruised painful fat. Licked and flicked and suckled and rabbited. His hands rubbed over me while his face tried to push through me. These queers take their cues from women on the rag. Whiners. Crawlers. Lickers. Lappers working small.

The best thing about this hole, Peter, is that you cummed and fastened, and before you were even half dry, the cocksucker would bolt the fuck out. So that you didn't have to push past him to get free. You could drop and suck but the cocksuckers don't usually want it. Not here. They've got more cock to suck, sometimes, or they don't want anything to spoil their handiwork. As if they're going to save it for someone else sometime soon.

You'll like sucking cock. You'll like some human contact. You're stupid enough to care. It looks that way. Like a dog, possibly. That doesn't have the ability to not respond favorably to a friendly, normal, loving stroke. You'll want some more.

I could put a magazine with whatever you liked down on the bed. I'd take a few and lay out the spreads you like the best. Not naked children. But close. If that's what you just can't get over. Take your clothes all off. I will not be disgusted at anything you show me. I will not pretend to love it. I will not pretend that it is not unpleasant to look at you while you rut around your lazy careless ugly self. But you'll know that I don't sicken like all the others. I don't know that I've had worse but I don't know that I won't sometime in the future either. I, at least, know how you get that way.

You fuck the fat child molester's tight little finger-distended asshole with your easily trained cock. While he drools and beats his pathetic meat underneath you. His flat hideous english snout buried

in some gloss model's wide-open cunt and pushed-out breast arch. Tickle his balls for him. Pull out and slap his hairy cheeks together around your dick and slip your rubber off onto his hairy sun-moled back. Shoot your sperm all over his spine and his hanging sagging flab. Turn around and lick on my balls, Peter. Let's get you to cum, now. You tell me what you like. Anything's fair. Anything at all. I told you what I liked. You want me to suck that limp dick of yours like a faggot or a little girl. Let me be your favorite. Don't think too hard. Just talk. Pick one that wouldn't ever fucking go near you. You want your belly slapped. I like big men. Don't worry about it here.

I would tell him he didn't need to go out and look at the children. The papers would only follow him again and the rest of the idiots in the neighborhood bothering him will take up far more of his day than the very short amount with which he would enjoy watching children only play. It's all they do all day anyways. They always do. There's no point in trying to make what they do special. Just watching them is less than nothing. It's never any different and it's never not happening.

I wouldn't take his books away from him. I know what's it like. Give him artful pornography. Show him that there's more than spreads. It's the best you can hope for. Women don't have to be so ugly. But it'll be the more vulgar shots that he'll want to see. It'll be those that he'll remember most as well. Graham Ovenden and his shots of english children playing in the poor parts of London, especially, interests me in ways that the shots of little lows lying on their backs stretching up and down never will. But there is a clarity and an immediately identifiable motive to the others.

The pictures of children with the cutest white bums you've ever seen; fully exposed. In the Ovenden. You would never say

that about the moppets that get fucked and yanked. You wouldn't say it about the spindly insane poverties stood up in front of Raymond Depardon's camera. These you'll like. I've seen very few things so clear in intention and yet so outrageously fake in supply. Children in orphanages, that ridiculously dilapidated, that hideously inhuman, can be nothing near its stated concern. To educate. Alarm. The words are scribbled for suckers. And most of the little sick choking wild-eyed third world, but white, darlings are fully clothed.

Girls. Not boys. Not too many boys. Not enough boys sometimes. The children got AIDS from transfusions.

I'd tell Peter to come sit by me. Show me what you do to your hand, Peter. Tell me what you say when you search inside for steady comfort. Like a huge fat lumbering lunatic. Ask him about the mumbles. Tell me about the little girls you can't fuck, Peter. Take down your dirty worn old pants and slip down your filthy pud-stained underwear. Now tell me which one out there is the best looking for what you want to do.

It wouldn't matter if he didn't like men. So to speak. If he was always targeting girls. It wouldn't even matter if he was only targeting little girls, younger girls, because he couldn't approach and overpower women his own age. I'd show him pictures of Jordan with her huge fake hard tits and flat-as-a-board stomach. A loud english tart looking like an american cartoon and doing very well, thank you. Has a blind baby that I like to think was the effect of too much attention and public english drunkenness. And it's half-caste. A ridiculous shopstock heart that she's got tattooed over her shaved pubis points down to her clit. In case you didn't get the idea.

What makes that disgusting cock of yours hard first, Peter? What

would you like to do to whoever you wanted? Who? What type? How old? Whatever you could do includes what list of hold-offs? So you could experience more and then pick favorites from your allotted time.

*Motivation.*
*Some have an emotional congruence with children linked to a sense of inadequacy with adults and seek to meet their needs for human contact by creating abusive relationships with children.*

Go on, lie.

I'll tell you what I saw today. I'll tell you what I see everyday. The young skinny girls on the playground in front of the school. I'm so shit-scared these days that I make sure I don't even look up from the concrete as I walk by so quick. A sure sign of a pedophile, I'm sure. Maybe like some embarrassingly shy office worker around women in tight blouses and shapely skirts.

I take a ten minute walk from home to work and I can pass two different and crowded schools every morning.

Lie a little bit. Make it better.

I'm sure I'd have favorites. A fresh-faced white girl. Less than Lesley's ten, during the winter all bunched up in her heavy gear and smiling through the little holes her mother allows. And I'd wait to the summer when I can see her in a tight anything. They don't have curves and I'm not fucking watching for their fucking budding breasts or drooping asses. I just want to see more of the little demons. How she comports herself. How she is unaware of all the attention and lonely masturbating.

Impress me.

It's easy to make up, Peter. It's too easy to walk by the corners

where these little shits stand and yelp or learn to smoke cigarettes. They're all starting to talk like niggers now. We need a favorite so that we can masturbate onto her photo. You'll need a real name. It is, honestly, the idea that will take your mind off all these other possibilities. Trust me, Peter, I know there doesn't have to be any real life in this. And you can't say you ever forgot yourself. It doesn't work that way. You'll want only to test these theories. You'll think denial is not that you can't think the way they do but rather that you're denying yourself something better all the time. Don't believe that others get better than you. Don't think they've cut off access. Honestly, they don't exist. Try this. Christina Williams. Her name is supposed to link directly to her mother and father and they're still suffering through her loss. I've picked a real name. You take her photo cut from the paper and you put it in your pocket. Nothing I assure you happens. No matter what you fuck and suck and cum on. And no matter who you tell. Others may pretend. Others will, in fact, insist. Just remember this: It is always important to use a real name. A name that feels especially good when you think of it.

*Cameraman:* Who hurt you?
*Idiot:* Daddy.
*Cameraman:* Why?
*Idiot:* Ask me how. Because I don't know why.
*Cameraman:* Why? First.
*Idiot:* He was a creep.
*Cameraman:* You like creeps now. You didn't hate your daddy. Do you?
*Idiot:* I did not say I didn't like him. What would he...do. Daddy would say all sorts of stupid shit. To start with. He had a fuckin' big mouth on him.

*Cameraman:* He'd call you names and yell? Was he drunk?
*Idiot:* He'd yell at my mom. I never saw him drunk in my life.
*Cameraman:* It's not something you're ever going to get over. What did dada do to you? How did that creep bother your little body?
*Idiot:* How old should I go?
*Cameraman:* New teen.
*Idiot:* How do you want me to say it.
*Cameraman:* Well...you're not convincing me at all, so far. How about the last time? But...fuck, I gotta tell you. I'm not encouraged at all.

From MONSTROUS! PERVERT IS ROAMING FREE EVEN THOUGH HE VOWED: I'LL STRIKE AGAIN (*The People*, Lee Hannon, September 28, 2003):

> The 33-year-old pervert, dubbed the Transport Paedophile, is banned from buses after targeting girls on their way home from school.
>
> He is also barred from speaking to or approaching anyone under 16, or loitering near shops or schools, under a sex offender's order.
>
> Yet we caught up with Lancaster last week as he roamed for two hours in Warrington, Cheshire, passing two primary schools, a shopping centre and a children's home.
>
> During his walkabout, the scruffy misfit also ambled near a park where kids were playing on swings.
>
> A group of children caught his attention and he started smiling, then rocking, while biting his hand.

A B&W photo of fat, sloppy, unshaven Peter Lancaster "during his walkabout" dwarfed the stingy article that ran down the side of the entire newspaper page. It would be hard to mistake or deny the

resemblance. He, however, had been diagnosed with a severe personality disorder and was allowed to escape jail after several assaults against children. Girls, apparently:

> Lancaster first assaulted a girl of 13 in 1995. More sick offenses followed, and as recently as last year he told probation chiefs he couldn't control his "frustrations."

After following him for two hours and seeing nothing, *The People* approached him for a comment about his freedom:

> "I don't do anything wrong when I go out I just do my shopping. I am managing to survive without going near children."

A few stabs at mixing titillation with euphemism are professionally taken and the press disaster is clear. The looming troll in the dark shirt and big belly, loose pants and worn windbreaker, was perfectly guilty of struggling to rein his rabid lust in at all times. No matter how many times he passed the possibilities.

There are three other men of significance.

Film of young Luke Sadowski's depressing arrest is available for permanent download at the BBC's website. Police talk to him as if he were a scumbag. In that miserably polite way these nothings pride themselves in knowing. The british student had fallen prey to an undercover US customs sting, initially operating through a fake child-oriented website, when he tried to buy a girl "roughly ten years old, of white race, for three nights." He stupidly told the undercover perverts that he wanted to "go all the way" with the girl but he wouldn't "damage" her. He was offered a nine-year-old from Lithuania for £250; not all of which had to be paid

up front. He was arrested in front of a hotel off Victoria Station when he went to meet the little princess. Sadowski had a replica gun and blank cartridges in his pants and a small teddy bear in his satchel.

From PEDOPHILE'S ARMOURY (*Daily Mail*, Ben Taylor, August 12, 2003):

> Examination of Sadowski's computer at his mother's home revealed websites dedicated to murdered Surrey teenager Amanda Dowler, Sarah Payne and Soham victims Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman.
>
> He also kept a collection of newspaper clippings about the child killings along with articles on paedophile raids.

SELL ME A CHILD from *The Mirror* (Wayne Francis, August 12, 2003) was more specific:

> There were also articles on high-profile suspected paedophiles and Operation Ore – launched after the FBI uncovered details of UK credit cards used to download child porn. In addition, Sadowski was setting up memorial websites to the Soham victims and Sarah Payne.

Better. Lower. More precise.

> He was told to get in touch with the site's UK agents. Unknown to Sadowski, the contact here was an officer in a Scotland paedophile unit. Sadowski said in a taped call: "I am not going to mistreat her, not too much, if you know what I mean."

He wanted the girl to have pyjamas and said he would bring a cuddly toy. At one stage he said: "If I just want to sit and talk and if that is it literally, that would be OK, would it?"

Sadowski was due to start a student teaching job, just two weeks before his arrest, that would have placed him in contact with children. Which means nothing, essentially. Same as the condom he also brought to the hotel on his last day of freedom.

He had spent ten months in jail by the time of his final sentencing and received three years for possessing an imitation firearm and attempting to incite another to procure a child under sixteen for sex.

*And you found.*

Bugs, filth. Disease. Braggart artists. The best I did was a fat hissing whale with a regular stoop somewhere. That sucked me off while he showed me computer KP anyone could get. He went to all the websites that you find easily enough but, at least, he kept them in his computer. Unlike me. I wouldn't even do that. I went about finding it. I became focused and dedicated. I wanted to see and cum on the photos that I had heard about. More than that, I wanted to see the children hurt. I wanted to see that damage and fear and have it be, for once, unequivocal. This was just after the details of the Dutroux case started leaking through. The fact that there were videos of those children treated so deliberately turned my head around completely.

I never thought that such an unimportant few minutes could end up defining how I relate and use people. Sexually, especially. But I had learned that decades ago. A small private act created a searing

contempt for people that didn't search out the very same truths you were barely enjoying. It also created a template on how to use these lowgrades. It's virtually impossible to say this without sounding as if you're vengeful. Or making a grandiose statement on everyone's hypocrisy but your own. It's so distasteful to have an ego so hideous that it would find this material personally satisfying. These days. You just needn't talk about it then.

I know what to expect. And I have to preface every next sentence with a quick summation of the perceived and irritating misunderstandings beforehand.

So much of this material isn't all that clear. You have to use your imagination. I think, personally, it goes back to being badly struck by a photo in *Violence In Our Time* by Sandy Lesberg (Haddington House, NY, 1977). A boy was chained to a radiator in a basement and there was a badly done photo of it. Naked. Turns out that, given the era of the photograph, a news agency had actually asked the little tender victim to recreate the scene of the crime. I find that very compelling. And frustrating. Obviously. I don't know that I find it more depleting than most.

I want to see photos of crimes taking place specifically for the photos. But still. What I want, more than anything, is to see the clear drive to harm. Sexually. I want to see the children hurt and that hurt extended. I want the dynamic to be the recording. Not the document afterwards.

*You've seen more.*

Yes. I think so.

*You don't know.*

You can never be sure.

*That's the problem.*

Thea Poembroeck, her luscious little name and one pathetic chubby face-shot, has been with me all my life. If you see the child pornography that was filmed using her baby face and little lumpy body, it doesn't reflect the legend that sprang up after her death. She was loaded on coke and when she overdosed, she was simply draped over a luggage rack in the hotel her owners took her to be filmed at. Can you imagine the possibilities? Can you imagine how much we would love to see a little naked cold six-year-old girl shivering in a hotel room. Having a nosebleed while her fresh dutch face and soft thin-skinned white race body are manipulated and twisted and turned and pointed and penetrated. You would love that. A little girl like you see often enough. With a hemorrhaging brain as she receives instructions on how to just lay back against the cocaine making her speed and sweat. I love the way up-hard cocks look in those pictures. You know the way children don't understand the reason those hairy fat hard-ons deserve to be sucked on and forced into their bodies. It's never as violent as it sounds, is it? These great fleshy bothers do seem to mold rather easily. As if the body was constructed for accepting them. I dislike that aspect intensely. Not the biology or the purpose, necessarily, but the language that has been built up around the act. To make it sound more violent, more ugly.

*Was Thea six or four.*

Those images will just change the focus for you. The thing

died. I like looking at these fat men with exposed genitalia walking around and rubbing all greasy over themselves just as much as all over the far too small children. You can't escape the ultimately degrading human reaction. The girls and the boys are so often irritating. But it becomes something of a homosexual impulse. It's centered around watching the beasts and their hog wiring.

It's me that's supposed to remember, right.

I don't believe it should fit. But it does. I don't see the medical photos as proof that it always seems to fit somehow, either. The ghetto mice are good for that. Not understanding and just slamming. But I'm not interested, you understand, in evidence. I'm not looking for naked-lunch evidence shots and crime scenes. You try and search for something as measly as intention and resolve. Determination. What if Sadowski was really only interested in talking to a little girl sold to him in pyjamas. Would make fucking perfect sense to me. What if the websites that complete idiots find to sign their letters of support are set up by people who enjoy the material in a different way than them. What if the parents still get the nice messages. Who else would fucking bother.

*Fantasy and pornography.*
*Barry, an abuser of both girls and boys, talked about 'putting the mask of my fantasy on to the real-life child.'*

*Is sex all you want to talk about?*

Yes.

*Nothing else is important. Nothing else is interesting.*

I spend all my time on this.

*You masturbate all the time.*

Barely at all these days.

*How often?*

Almost never.

*Not because you're having so much sex.*

Almost never.

*When was the last fuck you had.*

It doesn't matter. It was an extremely long time ago. Years.

*Because.*

A better question than "Don't you care" or "Don't you miss it."

*Why haven't you had sex for so long.*

Why do people think you deserve sex even into adulthood?

*You repeat yourself constantly.*

I don't believe anything new comes from the repeated experience. I'm talking about my own work now. And child pornography. All

pornography. The thinnest excuse would be to pretend you're digging ever deeper in yourself to bring up more and more worthy information.

Reviewers want me to move on. And the audience has been taught to judge the work from here to there. And I don't think that's legitimate criticism. I don't think art should move beyond a certain point. Age forces you to acknowledge the shifts and disappointments. But the real worth of art comes from hitting upon a language that is provoked from a lack in what you've become obsessed. And ultimately stymied by. It's not stuck, it's not a stall. It's what is created when extra is needed from lazy corpulent comfort.

I use to fantasize about smashing animals to bruised living struggling pulp. Large animals especially. I like seeing horses hurt and spent a great deal of time and effort trying to locate films that would display this material. Bestiality films were easy to get back when I was younger and I would look for these under the assumption that the women were just garbage and they were being prodded and marketed to even more garbage. Even worse examples of neurosis and fear and suppurating mentalities. I liked watching films of men hating women and women not comprehending it. Still, you never saw the women being blasted through by the size of those three-feet brown and spotted cocks or being trampled or bitten by vicious dirty yellow teeth. They'd drown in cum. Pretend to rub the meat against their filthy vaginas. Press their sagging backwoods breasts into the animals' less than noble heads.

My thoughts were all in baseball bats brought down on the snouts and across their unblinking little black eyes. Broken into splinters across their backs and kitchen icepicks stabbed up into their bellies. I've seen cows slashed open in meat markets. It

wasn't the same. I want it to be sex. I wanted the drive to be perfect and made just for me and millions of wretched cock-pumping fat slobs like myself.

I recall going to the zoo when I was just a young child before humanism had to be included in every single decision and hung up before any poor wretch's mind ever wandered a bit too low. The hippos were kept inside cages filled with water and then outside in mock jungle settings. Inside the zoo halls the hippos would splash their shit against the walls in long thick brown streaks. It was disgusting. And I do remember wanting to beat the big thing into a bigger bloodier pool. I like the idea of seeing a baseball bat crashing and thumping and splitting against that hard thick filthy skin. Such big stupid laboring weights sinking and bobbing in huge vats of spilling brown water turning into red wash. It excites me. I wish that Lesley had been drowned. The hide would rip and the muscle would cut and the blood would appear from beneath the wound and out.

*The words "animals" and "beasts."*

I can see a day when I finally get to see a child beaten to death with a baseball bat. I have seen very wonderful documentaries on it before. An underaged little portland hooker named Becca. But I haven't seen all the crime scene photos.

I am sure that someday someone will make this for me. A hotel room rented specifically for the act. A child naked and brutalized and fucked and terrified. A young crying weeping screaming struggling little naked girl. Her skull cracked and slashed from a hard fast swing across her doped female eyes and her brain matter fully collapsed. A bloody aneurism shot back from bat wood to hard

white exposed bone to blood spattered and soaked through and ripped sheets and flea-bitten pissed-on pillow. You can stub out cigarettes on any corpse.

# 2

*John Walsh:* Now, please take a look at these precious sisters. At eight years old, Sayeh and her six-year-old sister Sara were kidnapped in the middle of the night by her mother's boyfriend. Can you tell us a little bit of what happened that terrible night?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Well, it began on September 22nd, 1988. My sister Sara was six and I was eight and...that night, Ray Wike had taken my sister and I out of her home and put us into his car parked out front.

*John Walsh:* This is your mother's boyfriend?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Correct.

*John Walsh:* This creep is your mother's boyfriend?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* That's right.

*John Walsh:* He's living in the house with you...

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Pretty much.

*John Walsh:* Pretty much. Coming over, staying over...

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Coming in and out.

*John Walsh:* OK. Puts you in his truck. What happened?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* So. So he takes us in his car and he drives to a wooded area. And then...and he turns onto this dirt road. And um...a little secret we had between him and I...he asked if I told anybody about it. And that was um...if I had spoken to anybody about how he was molesting me within a year of knowing him.

*John Walsh:* So this lowlife, that your mother's going out with, had been molesting you for a year?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Yes.

*John Walsh:* And you hadn't told anybody, had you?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Not a soul.

*John Walsh:* OK.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Not a soul. Um...and so on that dirt road, he ties up my sister who's in the back seat. Ties her up...

*John Walsh:* Six years old.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Six years old. Ties her hands and her legs up and um...meanwhile we're questioning what he's doing and why he's doing it. And a...throughout this time, he's like: 'just – just be good, don't say a word, you'll see your mother, you know, soon.' And um...so he takes me out of his car. He changes into shorts. He tells me to take off my pants. And...he starts to fondle me and then he begins to rape me.

*John Walsh:* And you're eight years old?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Right.

*John Walsh:* And Sara is tied up.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* That's right. And that's when my sister started crying and saying why's he doing this. And I was just trying to comfort

her and tell her, you know, don't worry about it, it'll be OK. And um...meanwhile, I'm just asking, you know, Ray, you know, Ray, when are you going to be done. Um...at this point I didn't feel anything anymore. I just wanted it over. And um...like the sun was rising, light was breaking and um...he told me to put back my clothes on. And um...he picked up my sister because she was um...still tied up. And told me to walk into the woods. We kept on walking into the woods and he laid my sister down in this clear area next to a tree. And...um...he pulled out a knife. And told me to say my prayers. And after saying my prayers, started to cut my throat...three times. I...touched my throat and I saw the blood. And after seeing the blood, I dropped down to the ground. I closed my eyes. And I heard my sister screaming at the top of her lungs. And I knew I couldn't do anything.

*John Walsh:* So this coward killed your sister. Thought he killed you. Right? Thought that he'd killed both of you.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* (accepts kleenex) Thank you.

*John Walsh:* He...thinks you're dead, right?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* That's right.

*John Walsh:* Left you there.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Yeah.

*John Walsh:* Just left you there.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* Yes.

*John Walsh:* Did you know your sister was dead?

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* (sniff) I knew I was alive and I knew I couldn't move. Because I knew if he knew I was alive that he would finish killing me.

*John Walsh:* So you had to lay there.

*Sayeh Rivazfar:* So I had to play dead.
*John Walsh:* How long?
*Sayeh Rivazfar:* It was...it felt like forever. But it was a few minutes. And after a few minutes, I felt him jump over me. And my sister had stopped screaming. And then I heard him run through the woods and get into his car. And the car take off. And that's when I got up. And...um...I held my neck. And...I went over to my sister and I called her name out. And um...by the look of her, I knew she wasn't going to answer back. Um...I knew I was going to have to walk out those woods by myself.
*John Walsh:* Eight years old?
*Sayeh Rivazfar:* (sniff)

*Cameraman has settled to the side of a bathtub. Looks down on the slow dead action. Very close. Closing tighter on his soft cock and dark wiry pubic thatch becomes the only view you get for minutes. His slight belly. His right hand as he reaches to juggle his balls and snap his unresponsive cock into a semblance of commitment. He raises his head and the frame becomes filled with pans of a naked boney adult body. Alternate long draws on an idiot's face to another idiot's cock and balls.*

*Cameraman:* You want some more water in there with you?
*Idiot:* Maybe, yeah.
*Cameraman:* It's better if you...
*Idiot:* I'm shivering.
*Cameraman:* You should do it.
*Idiot:* – it's OK.
*Cameraman:* You don't look bad this way, is all.
*Idiot:* Are you going to piss in here?

*Cameraman:* That was the plan. You want some? Yeeeeah.

*Idiot:* Will it look better if – will it be better if there was some more water in here?

*Cameraman:* It might warm you up.

*Idiot:* Pissing on me?

*Cameraman:* Why don't you just see if you can get some piss out of me...first?

*Idiot moves his face to the middle of the tub and leans over, immediately puts mouth around the cameraman's flaccid cock.*

*Cameraman:* You do like it. In your mouth? What makes that so good for you?

*Idiot:* I love your cock.

*Cameraman:* What about my nuts?

*Idiot:* Mmmmm. Yeah. Mmmmm.

*Cameraman:* Go to where the cum is. There's all piss in there first...Go in. Lick the piss out. Ain't gonna get no cum out of a soft dick anyway...You tell me why you like that dick so much.

*Idiot:* Mmmmm.... La....

*Cameraman:* Back up...back up.... Keep your mouth open.

*Idiot:* Ahhhhhhh. Ahhhhhhh.

*Cameraman aims a painful stuttering stream of urine at the idiot's open mouth. Intentionally directing what doesn't dribble and drip straight down all over his face and hair as the idiot moves his head around to try and catch the drops.*

*Cameraman:* Is that taste like your dad's piss?

*Idiot:* No. Not yet. (laughs)
*Cameraman:* You just can't get enough can you?
*Idiot:* Oh mannn...I want...mmm.
*Cameraman:* Is that on account of your dad? Daddy taught.
*Idiot:* Please...Ahhhhhh...Ahhhhhh...gimme....
*Cameraman:* I want to know about your smart daddy, boy.

*Idiot leans in to get more cock and cameraman lets him. It's an ugly balding red zit taking up the entire frame until cameraman shifts his head back down. Cameraman is thicker and longer from the idiot's flat-tongued mouth. Drenched. The face-fuck slowly becomes as boring as is usual.*

It's an old fag problem. If you see a fat old stripper taking off her clothes in front of an audience. Or in some East London pub on a pool table or a wood floor in front of set up sticky chairs. And you see all the young boys staring like idiots. You find the old bags and wastes and degenerates that look like they know how to be there. And then you find the one young boy who's not handling it so well. You see that boy not paying. You see him standing in line before he gets to the floppy tits and cellulite ass. You get to see him taking the money out of his pants and giving it to someone who isn't laughing at how cute or lost or unsuspecting he is.

Yes. I do want to see him with his hard prick in her mouth afterwards. I don't want to see the naked pork with her tongue hanging out of her mouth and her eyes turned back at his sleeping face. His concentrating stupidity. I want to see his hard health disappearing into every other hole for the rest of his life. Fuck it. You want to tell the stupid idiot. Just stand there. Now unzip. Play with it if you like but don't cover the head. Retract your foreskin. Is that how

you jerk off? Let the skin slide back and forth. Push out a drop for me. Now stop. Just stand there. Let it droop a little. Run your thumb down the top and leave the underside of your cock alone. Just stroke downwards with your thumb. And I'd masturbate myself much quicker than that. I'd use my entire fist. Just banging and sliding. Just stare down at your cock. Make it as hard and straight as you like. Just don't cover it with your fist. Don't lick your fist. Idiot. Don't suck your fucking thumb. Leave it dry. It doesn't hurt without it and it doesn't fucking feel all that much better with it wet. Leave it numb and hung. I'd cum and that would be the photo.

"D'ya like what you see?"

She shouldn't ask. Pasty fatty goth pig with tattoos and a baby-pinched belly leans back and acts like pornography. Just because she's taken her clothes off, just because she's had the cameraman's cock in her mouth, because she's been paid, because she's a female of a certain perpetually cowed age; she assumes she is wanted beyond her herd availability.

The most important personality question, here, would stop at who bought your dress for you. Who picked it out. And if the fault lays with her then, obviously, who is it that she was trying to impress, outmaneuver or manipulate.

"I want some more."

And the cameraman responds. Functionally shoves his toad's half hard-on into her mouth to muffle her spit and moans and mirror impressions. There are lessons to follow. Designed by false histories of men finally being honest with what they think others want to see. Or what they seem to remember feels best.

You really don't want any more. Do you. You really could do without the whole thing.

She keeps asking.

"Is that good?"

"Do you love it? Do you love my mouth?"

She licks his balls. She's been paid enough to lick his asshole, should he want to shift his spread legs and shimmy up over her greasy long, washed for this, hair. Teabaging is only for male strippers. When you tip them, they squat and put their arms around your shoulders. They look straight into your eyes and kiss you on the cheek and hug you close. It isn't what anybody wants and it's painfully obvious. It's genuinely confusing as to why they keep doing it and even the faggiest still accept it. Wait the nervous second or two till she performs in accordance to her employment contract. Explain a pyramid scheme. Extra acts for extra money. No one is above the old whore pricing. She's been paid to accept a facial. Which used to be called a money shot. Back when the greater moronic public didn't yet understand that porn was, only, the film that was shown on large rundown screens just so that sick men could have sex with each other in the restrooms and balconies of the theater.

You ain't that pretty otherwise. So few of you are, anyways. Don't even think about it. Really.

I saw men masturbate themselves in those theaters. I used to look for it. It's what I went in for. Who wanted to watch the dregs fuck on film. I didn't like the men or women. I didn't like the artifice or the condescension. I despised the game that was being played out by guessing what the audience really wanted to see.

Men would hound other men. Ugly men alone. I saw these trolls wave their cocks around, hard. They hoped you would look and would reach to touch yours if you didn't stop staring. Grab and jiggle their balls at you. Others, hardly shyer, kept their pants shut or their coats over their laps. And assumed you wouldn't let them suck

your cock if you saw their's.

I would spread my legs wide to let them know they could go right ahead. These insecure gentlemen would unfasten my pants and yank down at my underwear and, often enough, plop my balls out. I preferred the restroom sex in the brighter lights and slightly more absent fear of the police or management that came from having sex out in public.

There's no use in talking about how this stage was reached. I detest those coming-of-age stories. I had to work out the parameters of what was allowed and I was never bold or brave. This pigging didn't demand that nonsense. The NY closets who wrote for *Screw* or *STH* or Grove Press and lied about sexual liberation and the thrills of strangers and furtiveness and general, or worse, shared release, were annoying literary constructs only.

I used to cum quickly. I focused. Becoming more and more impotent in these dips has been a problem. It meant I shouldn't be there. Or wasn't getting what was better. I'd cum quick if I had what I wanted. You didn't stop at discovery. You had to move through education.

Third.

From CHICAGO MAN ACCUSED IN SUBURB SEX ASSAULTS (*Chicago Tribune*, July 24, 2003):

> In a May 27 incident, authorities said Rode made contact with a 19-year-old on the south side of Naperville by tapping on the teenager's window while he was at home on the computer. Rode led the youth to believe he had a weapon and ordered him to undress and approach the window, authorities said. Authorities said he then assaulted the teen, who immediately reported the incident to police.

> In the other incident in which Rode was charged, he is alleged to have approached a 16-year-old boy from behind on a public street in the early evening of Feb. 18. Authorities said he allegedly used force to take the boy to a secluded location where he assaulted him.

And.

> Rode has been under surveillance for several weeks, said Naperville Police Chief David Dial. He is alleged to have driven around between 1 and 3 a.m. looking for the glow of a computer and then peeped into the windows. When he identified potential victims, he made contact, Dial said.
>
> "It was the glow of the computer in the windows," Dial said. "He drove around until he saw it, and that's how he picked his victims."

From MAN CHARGED IN SEX ASSAULT ON 2 NAPERVILLE TEENS (*Chicago Sun-Times*, July 24, 2003):

> At the time of the Naperville attacks, Rode was free on bond after being charged last year with child abduction and attempted kidnapping in McHenry County.

The child in that case was a 13-year-old boy that Rode tried to lure into his car. Rode was 32-years-old at the time of these arrests. He was denied bond on August 1, 2003.

From POLICE FLOODED WITH CALLS AFTER ARRESTING SUSPECT IN PEEPING, MOLESTATION CASE (*Chicago Daily Herald*, July 25, 2003):

After trailing him for several weeks, police arrested Rode at 3:45 a.m. Sunday in Park Ridge when he began making evasive movements, as if detected, while walking amid homes, police said. He did not have a weapon.

Detectives in Naperville, the lead investigating agency, fielded dozens of phone calls Thursday from residents across the suburbs reporting similar peeping complaints. None of the calls alleged physical contact, said Sgt. Joel Truemper.

In all, police suspect Rode may be behind as many as 80 peeping complaints, dating back several years.

And.

Rode is a convicted sex offender who was sentenced to four years in prison in 1991 after being convicted of abducting and molesting a teenage boy in Chicago. He also pleaded guilty in 1997 to failing to register as a sex offender while living in Woodridge.

And Chicago police are investigating him, officials said, because he hadn't registered as a sex offender there despite living in an apartment at 2146 W. Cortez, which is within one block of an elementary school.

Two ugly fucks I met through an internet club. They even advertised themselves as ugly.

The younger of the two. Fat, willing to do anything. Takes all loads. Don't ask, don't tell. Not exactly a bugchaser. Which is an irritating het panic anyways. But not dumb enough to think he can get anything but a quick STD from all that face-slopping. Takes it in his ass too. Ugly enough to eat condoms.

The uglier of the two has a gloryhole set up on the north side of Chicago. But you have to go into his house for it. He gave me a cup of tea and a shot of jameson and some poppers and expected me to cum after a long bout of languid tonguing. Impossible, I told him. He was glad that I actually wanted to fuck him and kept a hard-on easier that way. I'm no woman, he told me. He didn't want to have to work at it.

I went down to the Finborough Arms Theatre in London by myself. I had read a couple of reviews earlier in the week about the play in limited run. The *Evening Standard* of March 9, 2001 gave the play a searing under the headline LUDICROUS TALE OF PAEDOPHILIA, while the same week's *Time Out* was a bit more kind, only quoting the director Stephen Henry under its brief listing instead of the more subjective possibilities:

> "This play goes very close to the bone," says Henry, "but its justification is clear. This is a highly intelligent approach."

Both reviews featured concern for, and photos of, the thirteen-year-old actor who played the part of the sexual abuse victim.

I looked around the small but professionally hopeful theatre, typically above a pub, before the play started. And was not at all surprised that most of the audience was made of middle-aged overweight men alone just like myself. Some note-taking culture mavens and some darkly clad transgressives. But. If I hung around downstairs after the play, I figured, I would probably be able to make a good contact or two. Of course, the lonely men there were just as likely to run off home to mother immediately afterwards. Or to their single cupboard of particular porn mementos and reference points and their best jerk-off this week to freshly minted memories

of little actor Eric Byrne smoking a cigarette, screaming in rage or receiving details on how to handle repeat johns just like they always wanted to be. Only slightly above.

If nothing else. If no kiddie-porn traders or favored rentboy beeper numbers. Then I could possibly end up fucking an ugly pedophile rather than just going back to my hotel with my program and newspaper photos. Human entertainment. Tagalongs. Tofts. Wounded inefficients and rimmers. No one so young.

The play was sold outside the pub in leaflets and inside as notes for slight donations that would help support the continued efforts of the theatre collective.

> David runs the 'Blackjack' porn shop in Amsterdam with his neo-Nazi lover Kai. The business is a cover for more lucrative activities – they "traffic in narcotics and children." *ecstasy + Grace* follows a path of spiritual hope through the moral wasteland of child prostitution, tracking a 13-year-old boy and the adults who "love" him. Can redemption be found in this hell on earth? And who exactly is looking for salvation? By addressing the subject of "boy love," one of society's last taboos, this mythic yet starkly realistic play explores the extremes of the human spirit. The cast features: Barry Aird, Eric Byrne, Tom Haynes, Michael Sachs, Rachel Smith and Christopher Whitehouse.

I knew the play would be tedious. The faggot pigheadishness of "boy love" combined with "the extremes of the human spirit" defined the evening's only possible entertainment as what was going to be available in the audience or in the ogling of that little thirteen-year-old rat trying to digest whatever carefully researched possibilities had been fed to him.

One could even hope that the little english rat had been the reason for the playwright's interest in the fucking whole dumbed down affair in the first place. Not that particular rat necessarily but rather, or at least, that the overworked overwrought mise-en-scène stemmed from some unconscious, barely conscious and/or purely desperate need to get as close to fucking an english skinhead rat of thirteen legally.

During the intermission, I headed down to the restroom to see if anything remotely approaching action was possible and learned that the pub that housed this nightmare actually seemed more ordinary than I figured. It wasn't nearly faggy enough. I was getting seriously tired. Looking for something that was coming all from me in the first and only place. The only thing you find in british toilets these days is more cunts than cocks snotting coke off the tanks on toilets.

There's not one cocksucker in here that doesn't understand the implications. You're looking for young boys masturbating in front of their computers. Straight trade is a prized commodity with these slugs. So many of that type you won't even find in here. They're all at the gym. They try and stay as presentable as they can for as long as they can. Some enjoy the work.

You find a teen that's looking for some naked models or TV star on the internet while his parents are sleeping. Young men pounding themselves away as quickly and as perfectly as they can. And you tell him you're going to tell his parents. Or you threaten him. And you get him to stick that hard cock at you through the window. You don't kill him. Just suck fresh just like you can anywhere else at anytime. Other than it won't look like a caged suburban lucky youngster.

Convince him. Do a good job.

Tell it to relax. Don't get nervous. It's just what they want and they fucking know it. Look. And I saw you.

Through a black-painted and chipped gloryhole and then just shut

your sleazy eyes and forget the sag on the troll you watched cruise the floors outside. The walls at Machine Shop were always covered in human film. You don't smell flesh and you don't feel budding bones and coming muscles. You get old.

You feel the same sticky coating as you shove your genitals through. You sense frightened tentative fingers on the end of your pisshole that want to fool you into thinking it's tongue. They even push and trace the bottom of your shaft.

Fists that are supposed to slide back and forth like a ridged warm mouth. Your pubic hair takes home the wooden living filth that you shoved up hard against. Just as your head wood.

These trade and chicken queens have incredible track records. They don't need to lure little boys into cars. They go for the slightly older cocky ones. Thirteen is perfect. Make it suck you. Let yourself look down for once.

Next to the Admiral Theater was a small adult bookstore called Twentieth Century. Long closed now. The Admiral is a strip joint where name porn stars dance and sell autographed polaroids to guidos and sailors. The Twentieth Century could not catch the overhang and never tried.

The beasts that ran the place and kept it like a pigsty hid a green three-ring binder under the counter that contained the catalog ads for the bestiality films they sold. Although the walls were covered with xeroxed ad-copy for shit and piss films, it was either too much work to construct box replicas. Or they feared prosecution for obscenity on these specifically.

I didn't want any fucking bestiality films. Not anymore. I had grown tired of the same old retards going through the same old tired male-dictated degradations. Not unless the women were going to get fucked by horses, this time, that ripped them open.

I wasted a great deal of money and far more in a lifetime looking for something to provide the human proof to all the newspaper clippings I looked at and grew hard all alone on. These messy victims who were promised to me to not be able to change their snot-soaked past; who couldn't get up and walk the fuck away without dragging all that newly discovered trauma and dread from a small sinking inconsequential sex act. Performed on them. Someone else's little need and time possession. The mentality that soaked into this cum-yellowed gutter stand was rape. These stubby old degenerate fucks. This very simple to understand construct. Like the armless Mary Vincent talking to a talk-show audience via the hollywood shill petting her ugly crimped made-up face. Thea Pumbroeck as a resonant brand name. If pornography was sex by proxy, because you masturbated to it, then it made perfect sense that I should be able to find proxy fucking rape. I wanted the image that fleshed out all the words that flooded my brain stuck flat under a bad color dub screen. I was willing to do that. I wanted to.

I asked one of the hunchbacks what was the hardest video they had. I was safe enough, I figured, because they only took cash and the pig had, weeks ago, offered me the filthy introduction binder. I had established myself as a paying customer who not only paid for the videos I carefully selected but visited the oral cesspits and, no doubt, gave into the usual chicago mouthpig gossip that scurried back and forth in the mouseholes. The reject told me he never watched this garbage. Meaning the lowlife shit and piss and S&M japan prizes they were forced to copy and replace and record. The fact that the prices were so high meant they sold, I'm guessing, two or three videos, at most, a day. And made their lifestyles from the quarter handjobs and balding canker sucks along the walls. But the reject dropped down to my begging level quick enough and told me that some of the more

talkative assholes like myself had metioned that the Jamie Gillis videos were pretty good. He said that Jamie filmed mostly crack whores and none of them seemed to enjoy getting shit on.

Eric Byrne wore an athletic jacket and baggy matching pants during his time on stage. He did, however, briefly, smoke a cigarette. And I concentrated very hard to see that he was inhaling.

At the Gaiety Theater in San Francisco, just a few years ago but the filthy pigsty is now closed, I entered the restroom to find some hideous cracked-up naked nigger squatting over a drain in the floor. He was trying to squeeze some shit out while the poor to cheap to cheapened assembled cocksuckers became cockwatchers. As I pissed into the rusted stinking metal trough in an adjacent stall, one of these waiting animals half licked into my ear to aim into a styrofoam cup he had left at one of the deeper corners of the pissoir. I complied and, as I slowly shook off, yanked and buttoned back up, I saw the emaciated tenderloin wreck fall against the slimy wall to drink the cup swill while he stroked an elastic and deadened worthless cock. These bathroom slurping slurring insects could pay five bucks to stay in the theater all day long. I picked the place when I looked in through the window, past the wretched transsexual at the counter, and I noticed two bums sleeping in the foyer. Sleeping. Passed out. Probably more than nodded. Stupid. Blank. Worthless. Fishbait.

Reve' Walsh, a young mother, lost her little son in a department store when she went to buy lamps before her workout. Her son's six-year-old head, decapitated from his famous body, was later found in a sewage ditch. She contributed to her husband's book *Tears Of Rage* (John Walsh, Pocket Books, NY, 1997):

I was wearing a leotard, gym shorts, sneakers and socks.

> Obviously the wrong thing to have been wearing that day. Too revealing. Not demure. I should have been wearing something conservative, a nice dress. Something more appropriate for the day when you go to the mall and all of a sudden your little boy isn't there anymore.

Her husband soon arrived to help her. He's come to the same conclusion and repeats it:

> No one was listening to Reve'. Why would they? She had on shorts, she was a woman and she looked nineteen years old.

It's more than the vulgar context. What you're looking for is the horny words and the complimentary avoidance and appearance of truth. How having the child these loving grieving parents nicknamed Cooter can sit on the searching tongues of scumbags picking apart the tiny vagaries of crack whores getting shit on. Or how men talk to women when women want to be believed. How you should know you look with a sloppy cock in any hole you smugly offer up.

Last. Barely.

Like Dominick Rode, Jose Rivas was considered a threat to the community and denied bond after his arrest. From SUSPECT IS DENIED BAIL IN SEX ASSAULTS OF GIRLS (*Chicago Tribune*, August 10, 2003):

> "We believe if the defendant were released on bond, he will continue to attack little girls," Assistant State's Atty. Jane Sack told Judge Colleen Hyland.

And.

> Jose Rivas, 23, of the 4700 block of West Grace Street, is charged with three counts of predatory criminal sexual abuse and one count each of aggravated battery and attempted criminal sexual abuse.

Before his arrest. From COPS SEEK MOLESTOR WHO PREYS IN DISCOUNT STORES (*Chicago Tribune*, June 11, 2003):

> In Monday's incident, the girl was with her parents and 9-year-old brother in the Village Discount Outlet store, 4027 N. Kedzie Ave. She had wandered away from her parents when she was approached by a man about 8:30 p.m., Chicago Police Special Victims Investigator Emily Belomy said.
>
> "He was asking for help to reach something (high on the shelf) and lifted her up," Bellomy said. He then fondled her.
>
> The girl was taken to Swedish Covenant Hospital for observation and released late Monday. Bellomy said the girl was "doing very well."

The same day clearer. From ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL GROPED AT DISCOUNT STORE (*Chicago Sun-Times*, June 11, 2003):

> The attack on the little girl started innocently enough.
>
> A stranger approached her in the aisle of a discount store and asked for her help reaching a pair of shoes.
>
> But when the man lifted her up, he unzipped her pants, fondled her and ran from the store.

Smarter.

> In Monday's crime, the 6-year-old girl was with a 9-year-old brother while her parents were shopping. The aisles in the store were "very tall" and prevented the parents from seeing what happened, Bellomy said. The man spoke to the girl in Spanish.
>
> Most of the victims were Hispanic girls, ages 4 to 8, Bellomy said. None of the incidents was violent, she said.

From BIKE THEFT CASE LEADS TO ARREST IN SERIES OF N.W. SIDE SEX ATTACKS (*Chicago Sun-Times*, August 7, 2003):

> Rivas molested girls from 5 to 8 years old, police said. Most of the attacks happened in three different Village Thrift stores, police said, but one of them was in an alley in the 3400 block of West McLean when he rode a bike up to three girls. He molested one girl, tried to grab a second girl and masturbated in front of all three, police said.

Rivas was arrested after police officers recognized him from earlier community alert posters. It had been announced that the perpetrator had acne or "red bumps" across his forehead.

Better, again. From MAN CHARGED IN 8 SEX ASSAULTS (*Chicago Tribune*, August 8, 2003):

> Rivas would approach Hispanic girls in the store, usually asking them in Spanish for help picking out toys, police said. He would grab them, put his hand under their clothing and fondle them, police said.

In a May 28 incident at the Village Discount store at 4898 N. Clark St., Rivas pulled an 8-year-old girl under a clothing rack in a secluded part of the store and performed oral sex on her, according to Assistant State's Atty. Jane Sack.

# 3

*Most readers would accuse your writing of being misanthropic to the extreme. How do you react to that assertion?*

I started getting photos from a boy that liked my work. He had been involved in a relationship that was abusive, he said. He would send me polaroids of his chest bruises and the split lip his drunken gay lover had caused. I wrote to him that he should get out of the relationship and that if there was anything I could do to help, he should let me know. He said thanks and wanted to know if I liked the photos. He was a fan of *Pure* and a subscriber to *Parasite*. The next package I get from him is shots of his cock getting half-hard with more polaroids underneath it. There's also pictures of him sucking off his skinny boyfriend. Just filled face and long shaft. And a great one of him wiping a lot of cum off his fat shaven balls with a page from the newspaper.

The boy was beating off to some of the photos he sent to me. I love those yahoo groups with photos of hard cocks dumping on photos. I've gotten letters from another boy in a similar situation. He was smart enough not to send pictures, though.

I mentioned that it was nice to see that he and his boyfriend were getting along better. Fag stuff. Also said that I seem to like whatever photos he seemed to send. Now he asks if I knew he was sixteen and if I want to see shots of his little brother giving even better head than he gives his boyfriend. Immediately I smell a police sting. I don't know if I'm being set up or not. I don't know what the law is when I didn't ask for the fucking pictures. Offered help when he seemed in trouble and never initiated the correspondence. But it certainly seems like it would be entrapment. But now I have to worry about this. Knowing that if the kid is legitimately just stupid and hot white trash that he's sure to get his faggot drunk boyfriend arrested sooner or later and my letters and queeny entreaties will be found. Since now I know he's underage, I'll be guilty of possession of child pornography once the idiot cops follow the trail.

It's sickening to me to be this paranoid. To also be this much of a chickenshit just over some very pretty pictures. I liked the photos of his purple lips and mashed face much better after I saw his face stuffed with cock. But I liked both of those better after I saw his long cock and swollen balls. To know he was only fifteen changed the way I saw all the information, for the better sexually and for the worse, psychotically, when I stored the new details. I stopped answering his letters. I tore up the next two he sent without opening the envelopes. I know he would understood why. Not that it mattered. Luckily, the last letter didn't seem to have pictures included.

If I didn't live in the shithole that I lived in, I think sixteen could be legal. Pity the best photos were taken even before that birthday.

Thank fuck this was before the internet.

Before I destroyed the little worries, I spread them out on my bed and masturbated onto them. I easily remember that youthful cock and sac and his big female lips. Crack-pipe mouth. His stupid eyes. I cummed into my hand and knocked back a full swallow. Then jerked off immediately once more. This time aiming my cum at the nice balls and smooth cock-head and long juicy veinless shaft so I could lick it all up. His fingerprints and my sick tongue and grotesque thinning issue. I don't want this to sound involuntary. I wasn't worried about anything else but being arrested again. This was just shortly before I found out my mail was being watched and I hand-delivered copies of my silly little ideas to the ACLU. Their official verdict was, if I was worried about being arrested, then stop publishing. It was a simple answer to a stupid question.

The more pedophiles fantasize, the more specific they make their tastes. The more specific and narrow those ideas become, the more chances and opportunities arise and taunt. The fantasies become excuses for impulses that are defined only by the pedophile as uncontrollable. When, in reality, they're still fantasies. Ridiculous fantasies pulled from the reality they're trying to operate under and sniff out. Westley Allen Dodd wrote reams of material trying to figure out why he became a murderous pedophile. He was obsessive and relentless out of jail and in. I've seen a photo of a child he left hanging in a closet and read extremely precise descriptions of how he liked to suck on children's penises and how much he liked these kids, even little girls, to just see his full adult cock. He was consistently frustrated. And he enjoyed, at times, doing nothing more than musing on how it felt to finally have a child look at his big seattle cock. There isn't anything but the writing. It is exactly how it exists. The perspective and consequence is confused in everything

but the actual writing and the selling of the words.

*I've also heard people say you're just a misfit who feels compelled to respond to your own inadequacies by throwing verbal abuse at the world.*

It's astounding to me that people think men communicate in here. That people show a side of themselves that is more real than the one they use every day on the outside. Sex doesn't force your real personality through. It's not a mirror or a sewer lid that you lift off and look down into while you start to cum or get ready to.

There's an idea that men look interesting when they cum. That they make animal faces or grunt from deeper down than the device they engage to take a shit when they first sit down on a toilet. They focus harder on specifics or stare off into a magic space. Even that they look dumber than usual. It's so dark in here. It's hard enough to see their cocks and check for cuts and sores and drips that might be more pus than lube.

It's the same thing over and over again. This is not a gay space. It really is heterosexual architecture. It is rejection built on hyper-sexuality and is a construction to facilitate not celebrate. It is practical and expensive. And it means so much more to the men who use it than to those that study it.

These are poor people in here. They troll.

So many of them look alike.

I asked this one guy who had been spending all day in a sling in the last room back there, how many times he'd been fucked. He smelled worse than I've ever smelled anything in here.

I was massaging my cock back and forth and getting ready to sink back into his slack dripping sputtering mess of an asshole and I wanted an answer to help me get harder and more aggressive in that

loose sack of death and shit and gut. How many cocks have you had? How many loads have you taken, faggot? He said he had no idea. There really was blood on the floor. You could see the way the thicker reflection changed on the floor from the piss and cum puddles and cottonmouth spit. How many do you think, asshole? What number am I? And I slid in there so easy. I expected him to groan. I expected to slap his slick contorted belly and grab his throat. He was spread-eagled on his back waiting for just another horse cock or anything he could feel at this point. There was another faggot behind me waiting, I'd bet, but no one was grabbing my ugly ass. I started to pump in that darkness and feel all that slime and soak on the tip of my open cock and through my veins and around my glans. All that empty squish. The rims of his hole. What number am I, slut? I don't know, he repeated. And I realized he was retarded. He clearly had Down's syndrome. He had that squashed but elongated brick head that those gargoyles do. His body was stunted more than just the way he hung obsolete and open, bent back and lazy on the leather swing. This fat pasty retard had figured out how to get as much cock as he ever wanted. As long as he wasn't wanting his sister's tits he was going to be okay. Fathers rape the retarded availables into permanent queers.

How many friends have you had up there, today?

How many friends have you made?

He didn't want me to jerk off at his hole. I would still shoot into his asshole but between the size of my cock and the size of his asshole, my hand was going to work better. I wanted my fingers in there anyway now. I wiped the gang filth from his retarded worthwhile asshole across his retarded worthless face and he got angry. But not enough to prove that he could comprehend more than that. Like a dog that knows it doesn't want to be hit with a stick anymore but

still wants to get the food you supply. A pigeon pecking madly at the tabs inside a locked skinner box. Open your mouth I told it. And I put my reeking fingers up to his lips. He shut down tight. Twisted his head like vanity and gritted: "No. Leave me alone." I slid back into his womb and placed my hands at his thighs to give myself some leverage and him some sensation. He looked at me dead like relief. Retarded men are so ugly. Uglier than the rest of the damage in here. Congenital damage.

Who takes care of you?

Who brought you here?

How do you get home.

He must live nearby. He must see the men trot in and out of here and has slowly worked himself up into this lucky state. This saved the fucker from all the taunts that he never understood and never could explain his way out of. This is, exactly, the form you spit on. The kind you make bleed. The kind you can torture because it'll never do anyone any good better than that. How much space are you taking up, hog. How will you know when you're done.

You shouldn't wonder how it is he got himself here. But how did all these men agree to fuck him. No one felt sorry for him or certain that he might be better off somewhere else not getting viral infections. How did he choose to not handle that information on the infection posters and websites and free condom candy dishes. There are men without such problems who do the same as this hideous mistake all the time.

I moved my hands from his soft hideous cellulite thighs onto his shoulders to push him down further onto my hard standing cock. I needed to get deeper so that I was swimming in that piss he soaked up inside. I was shoving him down and thrusting myself up. Flat-headed toilet. Like masturbating with a slippery liver or a fistful of

bread. I was out of him more than I was in him. You piss into toilets. You don't plunge your cock in and out of the water and all the remnants that others have left there. No matter how much the body soaks up and discards and turns into colds and tired jags. I don't want to fuck retards. I was out and masturbating at his hole and his garbaged existence; these things don't have a life beyond breathing and laying flat like this, do they. And I wasn't going to cum on him the way you cum on something you want to look at. Something you find better than anything else right then.

I've heard some stories from men in here. The same shit you hear in any other place in America. They'll tell you they were abused or they come from poor families and they'll tell you about their very first time and how close they came to being beautiful in places like this back in the better days. How many friends they've lost and how the meds are worse than the black squirts and wasting looks. Their fucking biohazard tattoos and heavy metal cockrings. I've asked questions just like on TV. To let these things know that someone cares for, at least, the length of this conversation and the chance to feel better about whatever insignificance has made their life special. I don't think this is the worst thing in the world.

I don't think putting a cock into your mouth and sucking on it is the ugliest thing you can do. I wish it was more of a big deal. My little Lesley could have gotten over it. Everybody else seems to. It's not all that bad, is it. The compulsion is a careless misfire. I don't understand why there's so many cocksuckers here. I hate cocksuckers. Despise rimmers. Ass fuckers and asshole worshippers. Degenerate queens who think they can feel meat through their heavily slack assholes. I don't believe all these sick fucks are suffering. All these defectives and inverts. Obstinate rejects. Inadequates. They're just inches away from the right choice.

Some of these troughs and sinks are such interesting people. You talk to them and they've lived long colorful lives. So many of these gay histories are built around the bars and theaters. And it's infinitely better with alcohol than sex.

Another fat cow left in a sling in the pig alley corner of LA's Slammers. I stuck my cock in him and he cummed all over my belly and the hand I wrapped around his uncut pud as I pumped. He said he couldn't hold out any longer because he'd been there all day.

The chicago retard had a jockstrap on that I couldn't be bothered to slip aside. Before I realized he was sick, I figured his balls and cock had to be sore and he was trying to shield a bit while keeping his prostate entertained.

The LA beefball had cheesy sanskrit tattoos all over his chest and arms and I stuffed the cum on the edges of my fist into his mouth. He was obliged to lick and swallow but, now more than ever, hardly interested in pursuing anything but my exit.

If I heard a child screaming out on the street, outside the window that I close tight behind an always drawn shade so I can masturbate all over my fat self whenever I want, I would only run to see what was happening. I watch a steady stream of nothing but miserable people crying and cute children hopefully as close to naked or in danger as is possible under these ultra-sensitive arbiter rules. Lots of cocks and stupid sucking women. I like the barely contained misogyny of John T-Bone's early gangbang cock walks and his transsexual nightmares. I love a particular scene of Jena Malone getting her shirt pulled down past her nipple and the Bobby Garcia filth. Linsey Dawn McKensie. The cocks are often worth staring at in bareback fag videos. Tim Roth's *The War Zone* is excellent. I would not try and stop a child being hurt or raped in my bedroom. I often

hope for better and worse scenarios when they're in my papers and stingy with the facts. I recommend the documentaries *Stevie* and *Children Underground* very highly. I really enjoyed the BBC series of *The Hunt For Britain's Pedophiles*.

You have to understand where these queers get most of their information. Most of the leads and triggers come from news reports on arrests for kiddie porn. It doubles the paranoia when you find yourself unable to resist the temptation to trawl through the internet sites. One of the faggots at Different Strokes told me that his father still keeps an album of the photos he took while he was raping him. You could ask this guy if he still thinks his father is hot. A speed freak, who gave me some very suspect bangs on his speed pipe, at Slammers, said he liked to chop up kids. He was yanking on his long thin soft cock, outside in the patio near the bonfire, and asking me what child pornography I saw. I wanted to know where he had it. The drugs had fried his brain so he was like a blathering fanboy full of excitement but nowhere to stick it. I pulled his cock and stood over him but it was no use. We just went into one of the cabins and he could barely get his pipe lit or hold it without burning his hand. He was obsessed that the two idiots from some record label that were donating their time doing free HIV testing just off the entrance would smell the crystal or see the smoke and get us arrested.

Frank Bauer paints ultra-realistic canvases of young adults lounging around bars and trendy german apartments. These are clearly adults. And there's very little visible damage. Unless you know some of the people and the personal soap operas they would obviously handle ineptly. He's one of the few painters that I know that can handle his paint as if he enjoys coloring in the scenes and details. The work isn't obsessive in minutiae but it is luscious in curves and contours and sex the way that you might trace a picture

of a favorite child that died or freeze a still from a film. It's more like sex than voyeurism. Otto Mühl's caveman jail paintings are as dumb as he is but I can see some of the madness that dripped him into fucking children. By far, my favorite is Thomas Frank. And then I spend an inordinate amount of my time looking very carefully at these badly printed computer printouts of this little girl whose name I repeat over and over as I masturbate just about every night to. Sometimes I think I'm wasting a cum if I use something else. Most often, I can't help it. Most often, actually, I barely think about it. It's not like something you have to plan. I don't think I'm wasting my time. I don't think my time could be any better spent. No one believes that, however. And there are past incidents that suggest it's impossible to contain or relegate. Adequately. Still, I hardly think it's as vulgar as a simple response. I was drawing more and more nude boys and girls in art school. I know how to draw fairly well but its become something I never do anymore. There is no reason to unless you're doodling while on the phone or whatever.

Typically, I thought you had to divine what was politically significant by displaying your personal attractions. This was the late seventies and I ended up doing these huge charcoal and ink bodies of children all trussed up and bleeding and screaming. I did a lot of razorbladed mouths and stretched-open assholes. I was amazed by the scenes in the first *Paradise Lost* documentaries when, fucking years later, the camera bumps to a picture of one of the little murdered boys with its genitals cut from its body. This is something I drew and lovingly constructed endlessly. The same thing, much earlier, happened when I came across the first Nurse With Wound album cover. I'd wrap these little children and some fully grown adults, almost always male, in tattered gauze and screaming in what I wanted to be intense pain. Of course, this is silly and it irritated me

to find that the context was so sellable. But I knew what it felt like to conceive those images and what the charge was like when I executed them. They were charcoal so my hands were all over the paper and the red ink was rubbed on with my fist until I'd trickle it with my fingernails the way you do when you stick your finger into a urethra the first time. I ended up jerking off on the paper and spreading the cum in and rubbing and tearing through the paper and then I'd bring the things to school like a fucking moron. This isn't designed to show you how fucked up I was or how naïve. But how inadequate the whole idea is. Still. I needed to get more physical. I needed to fuck these things and quit pretending. I needed to find the pornography and shut my mouth about it. I find it offensive to trace these interests back to one's childhood. A drunken friend in Paris would call his past indecent as a subject for conversation and I believe him. Because it sounds like an excuse. That's what you do in front of a judge and it never works. You can do it in front of teens and adults who still buy music CDs as art but very few others really fall for it.

One of my teachers at school reacted to my wearing a leather jacket to school. This guy was a thin old doll who was an assistant to one of the student-teaching departments. He used to haul these little bored mcdonald's eaters in by the bunch and make them sit in front of us so that they could learn something about art. I hated listening to these dumb noisy little niggers more when they became interested than when they'd just shut the fuck up and doodle or drool. I wasn't part of the teaching program. I was just stuck in the class as a requirement or some stupid city program or whatever. This teacher was such a queer and he'd make me give him a big hug every time I saw him. He asked me out after he saw that most of my cheesy paintings had cocks and violence in them. He also knew I was hanging

out with one of the faggier eighteen-year-olds you ever had to put up with. This guy said he really loved these little urban development mistakes and that I should do a serious rethink. Nowadays he reminds me of one of those roaches at the Bijou whenever I recall what I'd let suck me off for free. When I was just learning what old men want. He was as tall as me and much thinner and so full of chicago city shit that he'd only become acceptable when he was rubbing his hands over my ass, down my pants, and trying to get me to fuck this girl I was living with in front of him.

I believe it was while watching the nude boy in *Superman* that I got the idea of making my own movie: Boy in my house for the purpose of 'watching a movie.' We would watch *Superman* and when the nude boy appears on the movie, I would ask my young 'friend' if he would ever like to make a movie with his clothes off like that. Then, regardless of his answer, I would set up my camcorder and videotape him being molested or raped (depending on whether or not he wanted to make such a movie). I don't remember if I mentioned this before, but if I had not been caught, I would have started videotaping the rapes and murders and made child porn movies with the "sex slaves" which I intended to have. I had written in the journal that police found that I wanted to do this. I already started comparing prices and capabilities of camcorders. One of my fantasies was to record a boy being molested in several ways, then raped (butt-fucked), tortured and finally killed. After luring another boy home under false pretenses or a forced kidnapping, I would show him the 'movie,' one scene at a time. I would show him the boy being molested then do the same to him. I would tell him we were going to do everything he saw do to the kid in the movie. He would watch the movie of me

raping the other boy, then he would be raped. Finally, he would watch as the other boy died – then I would kill him. The boy would not know what I was going to do to him next until I showed him another scene of my 'movie.'

(*When The Monster Comes Out of The Closet: Westley Allan Dodd In His Own Words*, Lori Steinhorst, Rose Publishing, Oregon, 1994)

*Cameraman:* Tell me why you called.

*Average cock, no belly, stupid tribal tattoos, not young enough to look like trade more than simple stupid white trash.*

*Cameraman:* How long have I known you?
*Idiot:* You want me to tell the truth?
*Cameraman:* Does anyone ever say no to that question? Can you hold off long enough to talk? You know why you're here. Tell the men why you called us.
*Idiot:* Because you're still looking for men like me.
*Cameraman:* What kind is that?
*Idiot:* To talk about about you and my father.
*Cameraman:* What did your father do?
*Idiot:* He was a teacher.
*Cameraman:* Do you think I hurt you?
*Idiot:* How do you mean?
*Cameraman:* Me or your father. Has anyone ever hurt you or forced you into doing something you didn't want to do?
*Idiot:* I learned a lot. I never said anyone hurt me.

*Starts to suck. He'd been masturbating, slowly, absently, as he talked*

*but the cameraman didn't know enough to pull from the idiot's face. It may have been on purpose.*

*Cameraman:* You tell the boys at home. How you learn. Keep that dick in your mouth, boy...You tell them who fucks you the best. And tell them I never hurt you. You tell us with your mouth full.

Ann West in her book:

> As soon as we were inside I realised what I wanted. I had to have a photograph of Maureen's hellish sister. I wanted an original photograph, so that if ever Myra got out I would be able to track her down and give her the punishment she deserved. There was protest and a lot of noise and suddenly I had Maureen Smith's hair in my hands. I struggled with her violently while Alan gave Dave a beating that he would never forget. All our frustration and pent-up outrage was taken out on these kindred of the creatures who had taken Lesley so cruelly from us. I beat Maureen Smith's head against the wall and screamed incoherently at her. I tore at her and for a moment it was if I had her foul sister in my hands. We were out of control, or perhaps, after all the months of misery and confusion, we were actually in control. I remembered that this woman I had by the hair had been reported as saying in some newspaper report, 'They're offering £100 for that kid,' referring to the reward money. I was not supposed to read the reports in case they made me even more upset, but I had read that. Nobody calls my Lesley 'that kid' with anything but affection. There was no affection in Maureen Smith and so I punished her.

Two things happened. The first was in the little alcove in the back. It

used to be a john but it's a sex pit now. The lights are completely off and everyone stands within inches of each other. There's usually a naked sweating couple in the corner and maybe a blow-job up against the longer wall. Mostly the trolls stand and barely grope, mainly squint, in the center. I wade in because some degenerate makes eye contact right off the bat. I'm feeling his tight bunched package and he's sticking his tongue into my mouth. I don't like fucking and sucking in public but it is what's done here. I'm on my knees and then he's on his knees. Follow the leader, he says, and grabs my hand to take me out to the barroom off to the side.

Here he wants to talk. To introduce himself. And make-out some more. I tell him I'm not like this and he suggests we go to the restroom in the back where there's more light and more space. He follows me.

I enter a stall and see that he let his uncut thick cock hang out. You didn't walk in here that way, did you? And he starts to unbutton my pants. Sits me down on the filthy toilet seat. My pants down around my thighs. Pushes into the side of the commode so I can sit while I suck him. I bite his foreskin and chew. I push him back to the wall so that I can get some of his balls and smell his asshole. He's trying to pull on my cock and feed me at the same time. So I stand up. He falls on his knees and starts sucking me. Very hard, very fast, stuttered just enough to pull off and lick at my glans and my shaft. The lights in the room are bright and I can see his faggotry clearly. He leans his head back and encourages me to cum into his open yawning hole. He takes a few seconds and I'm done. He gets cum across his cheek and chin and most of it in his mouth.

You came quick. You must've been storing it up.

I usually jerk off before I go to these places. If I don't, I'm too liable to end up in some mess or other just like this. I do it before I go to

work in the morning and, in a toilet stall alone, before I leave the office for lunch. I don't want to lose it out on the street. I try so fucking hard to be careful.

I started to finish the job. He could get harder, I told him. And I turned him around to lick his filthy ass. I yanked his pants down and spread his cheeks and lapped inside his tight moist hole. You have any poppers, I asked him. Just wet your finger he said. I spit into his shit and worked a finger inside. I tugged his balls and massaged his waist and chest. I started to go hard again and told him so. But I kept frigging him.

Faggots had been listening to the yapping and slapping on the other side of the stall and one cricked the door open. His cock was out for my new friend to suck while I ate ass. I motioned the beer-bellied pig over and licked up his cock before my ass could get to it. I lubed it. Spit down on the head and drooled out of the sides of my mouth, down alongside his nicely-sized red shaft. I moved him to fuck the asshole I was opening. And he entered smooth and slow. I patted the fucker on his naked ass and pushed him slightly aside so I could get out. Kissed the new pig and squeezed behind his grunting and thrusting and idiotic yeahs.

I left the bar completely and didn't want to go home yet. So I paid the ten-dollar charge at the upstairs sex store half a block away and looked for something quick. I found an older homosexual, sitting alone in a booth, who didn't quite understand what I was looking for. I told him, drunk as I was, over and over again. Get it wetter. Fucking spit on it. Drool you cocksucker. Wash it. And I'd shove myself into his throat as far as I could. Down. In. To make all his rend and thrush and, most importantly, saliva soak down all over my cock. I wanted it washed. Lick. But as soon as he'd comply, I'd shove it back in all the way. He had enough and finally got up and left his

own fucking faggot booth. Not saying a thing. I start to beat off but it was difficult with a barely hard cock. I started to piss into my hands and onto the floor. I muffled the sound as best as I could by closing my palm over my cockhead and letting most of the urine cover my cock and balls and clothes. I finished and heard scuffling outside as I smelled the piss overtake everything else. I wiped my cock down by stretching my wet shirt down and walked out of the booth like one of those repulsive sick animals that do this sort of psychotic shit for pleasure. Through the hall and out towards the turnstiles and bright lights. Down the stairs and outside.

I guarantee you that the old cocksucker was still stuck there, waiting for anything else, by the time I got home.

VOID